

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
Dr. EDWARD YOUNG.

VOL. IV.

W. O. R. K. S.

OF

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EDWARD YOUNG

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THE  
WORKS  
OF THE REVEREND  
Dr. EDWARD YOUNG.  
IN  
SIX VOLUMES.

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Carefully Compared and Corrected by the Author's Edition.

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VOLUME the FOURTH.

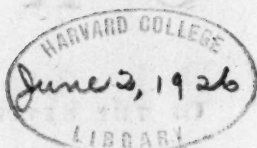
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Prof. Kenneth B. Murdock

T H E  
COMPLAINT.  
NIGHT the EIGHTH.  
VIRTUE'S APOLOGY:

O R,  
The MAN of the WORLD answered.  
In which are considered,  
THE LOVE OF THIS LIFE;  
T H E  
AMBITION AND PLEASURE,  
WITH THE  
WIT AND WISDOM, OF THE WORLD.

Vol. IV.

A

COMPANY

RIGHT OF RIGHT

THE TITANIC

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THE TITANIC

## NIGHT the EIGHTH.

**A**ND has all nature, then, espous'd my part?  
Have I brib'd heav'n, and earth, to plead a-  
gainst thee?

And is thy soul immortal?—What remains?  
All, all, Lorenzo!—make immortal, blest.  
Unblest immortals!—what can shock us more?  
And yet Lorenzo still affects the world;  
There, stows his treasure; thence his title draws,  
*Man of the world*; (for such wouldst thou be call'd:)  
And art thou proud of that inglorious style?  
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it was,  
In ancient days; and CHRISTIAN,——in an age  
When men were men, and not ashamed of Heav'n,  
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy,  
Sprinkled with dews from the Castalian font,  
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer  
A purer spirit, and a nobler name.

Thy fond attachments, fatal, and inflam'd,  
Point out my path, and dictate to my song:  
To thee the world how fair! how strongly strikes  
Ambition! and gay pleasure stronger still!  
Thy triple bane! the triple bolt, that lays  
Thy virtue dead! be these my triple theme;  
Nor shall thy wit, or wisdom, be forgot.

Common the theme: not so the song; if she  
My song invokes, URANIA, deigns to smile.  
The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,  
If she dissolves, the man of earth at once  
Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes;  
Scenes, where these sparks of night, the stars, shall  
Unnumber'd suns (for all things as they are [shine  
The blest behold;) and, in one glory, pour  
Their blended blaze on man's astonish'd sight;

A blaze,—the least illustrious object there.

Lorenzo! since eternal is at hand,  
To swallow Time's ambitions; as the vast  
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride  
High on the foaming billow; what avail  
High titles, high descent, attainments high,  
If unattain'd our highest? O Lorenzo!  
What lofty thoughts, these elements above,  
What tow'ring hopes, what fallies from the sun,  
What grand surveys of destiny divine,  
And pompous preface of unfathom'd fate,  
Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns  
Bound for eternity! in bosoms read  
By Him, who foibles in archangels sees!  
On human hearts He bends a jealous eye,  
And marks, and in Heav'n's register enrolls,  
The rise, and progress, of each option there;  
Sacred to doomslay! That the page unfolds,  
And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.

And what an option, O Lorenzo! thine?  
This world! and this unrival'd by the skies!  
A world, where lust of pleasure, grandeur, gold,  
Three demons that divide its realm between them,  
With strokes alternate buffet to and fro  
Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball,  
Till with the giddy circle sick and tir'd,  
It pants for peace, and drops into despair.  
Such is the world Lorenzo sets above  
That glorious promise angels were esteem'd  
Too mean to bring; a promise, their Ador'd  
Descended to communicate, and press,  
By counsel, miracle, life, death, on man.  
Such is the world Lorenzo's wisdom wooes,  
And on its thorny pillow seeks repose;  
A pillow which, like opiates ill prepar'd,  
Intoxicates, but not composes; fills  
The visionary mind with gay chimeras,  
All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest;



## NIGHT THE EIGHTH. 5

What unfeign'd travel, and what dreams of joy!

How frail, men, things! how momentary, both!  
 Fantastic chace, of shadows hunting shades!

The gay, the busy, equal, tho' unlike;

Equal in wisdom, differently wise!

Thro' flow'ry meadows, and thro' dreary wastes,

One bustling, and one dancing, into death.

There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,

Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach

On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.

The scenes of business tell us—"what are men;"

The scenes of pleasure—"what is all beside?"

There, others we despise; and here, ourselves.

Amid disgust eternal, dwells delight?

'Tis approbation strikes the string of joy.

What wondrous prize has kindled this career,

Stuns with the din, and choaks us with the dust,

On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave?

The proud run up and down in quest of eyes;

The sensual in pursuit of something worse;

The grave, of gold; the politic, of pow'r;

And all, of other butterflies, as vain!

As eddies draw things frivolous, and light,

How is man's heart by vanity drawn in;

On the swift circle of returning toys,

Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then in-

Where gay delusion darkens to despair, [gulph'd!

"This is a beaten track."—Is this a track

Should not be beaten? Never beat enough,

Till enough learnt the truths it would inspire.

Shall truth be silent, because folly frowns?

Turn the world's history; what find we there,

But Fortune's sports, or Nature's cruel claims,

Or woman's artifice, or man's revenge,

And endless inhumanities on man?

Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the knell,

It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows

Man's misadventures round the list'ning world!



6 THE COMPLAINT:

Man is the tale of narrative old Time;  
 Sad tale! which high as Paradise begins;  
 As if, the toil of travel to delude,  
 From stage to stage, in his eternal round,  
 The days, his daughters, as they spin out hours  
 One Fortune's wheel, where accident unthought  
 Oft, in a moment, snaps life's strongest thread,  
 Each in her turn some tragic story tells,  
 With now and then a wretched farce between;  
 And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive us;  
 Not one, but puts some cheat on all mankind;  
 While in their father's bosom, not yet ours,  
 They flatter our fond hopes; and promise much  
 Of amiable; but hold him not o'erwise,  
 Who dares to trust them; and laugh round the year,  
 At still confiding, still confounded, man,  
 Confiding, tho' confounded; hoping on,  
 Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,  
 And ever-looking for the never-seen.  
 Life to the last, like harden'd felons, lies;  
 Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires.  
 Its little joys go out by one and one,  
 And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night;  
 Night darker than what now involves the pole.

O THOU, who dost permit these ills to fall,  
 For gracious ends, and wouldst that man should  
 mourn!

O THOU, whose hands this goodly fabric fram'd,  
 Who know'st it best, and wouldst that man should  
 What is this sublunary world? a vapour; [know!  
 A vapour all it holds; itself A vapour,  
 From the damp bed of chaos, by thy beam  
 Exhal'd, ordain'd to swim his destin'd hour  
 In ambient air, then melt and disappear.  
 Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;  
 As mortal, tho' less transient than her sons:  
 Yet they doat on her, as the world and they

# NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

7

Were both eternal, solid; THOU, a dream.

They doat, on what? Immortal views apart,  
A region of outfides! a land of shadows!  
A fruitful field of flow'ry promises!  
A wilderness of joys! perplex'd with doubts,  
And sharp with thorns! a troubled ocean, spread  
With bold adventurers, their all on board;  
No second hope, if here their fortune frowns:  
Frown soon it must. Of various rates they sail,  
Of ensigns various; all alike in this,  
All restless, anxious; tost with hopes, and fears,  
In anxious skies; obnoxious all to storm;  
And stormy the most gen'ral blast of life;  
All bound for happiness; yet few provide  
The chart of knowledge, pointing where it lies;  
Or Virtue's helm, to shape the course design'd:  
All, more or less, capricious fate lament,  
Now lifted by the tide, and now reforc'd,  
And farther from their wishes than before:  
All, more or less, against each other dash,  
To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driven,  
And suffering more from folly than from fate.

Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home  
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!  
Death's capital, where most he domineers,  
With all his chosen terrors frowning round,  
(Tho' lately feasted high at \* Albion's cost)  
Wide-op'ning, and loud roaring still for more!  
Too faithful mirror, how dost thou reflect  
The melancholy face of human life!  
The strong resemblance tempts me farther still:  
And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck  
By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,  
Which Nature holds for ever at her eye.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,  
When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,  
We cut our cable, launch into the world,  
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;

\* Admiral Balchen, &c.

# 8 THE COMPLAINT:

All, in some darling enterprize embark'd:  
 But where is he can fathom its event?  
 Amid a multitude of artless hands,  
 Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!  
 Some steer aright; but the black blast blows hard,  
 And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof,  
 Full against wind, and tide, some win their way;  
 And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,  
 And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won, 'tis lost!  
 Tho' strong their oar, still stronger is their fate;  
 They strike; and while they triumph, they expire.  
 In stress of weather, most; some sink outright;  
 O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close;  
 To-morrow knows not they were born.  
 Others a short memorial leave behind,  
 Like a flag floating, when the barque's ingulph'd:  
 It floats a moment, and is seen no more:  
 One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.  
 How few, beneath auspicious planets born,  
 (Darlings of Providence! fond Fate's elect!)  
 With swelling sails make good the promis'd port;  
 With all their wishes freighted! Yet even these,  
 Freight with all their wishes, soon complain;  
 Free from misfortune, not from nature free,  
 They still are men; and when is man secure?  
 As fatal time, as storm! the rush of years  
 Beats down their strength; their numberless escapes  
 In ruin end: and, now, their proud success  
 But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:  
 What pain to quit the world, just made their own,  
 Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!  
 Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.  
 Wo then apart, (if wo apart can be  
 From mortal man), and fortune at our nod,  
 The gay, rich, great, triumphant, and august!  
 What are they?—The most happy (strange to say!)  
 Convince me most of human misery:  
 What are they? smiling wretches of to-morrow!

# NIGHT THE EIGHTH. 9

More wretched, then, than e'er their slave can be :  
 Their treach'rous blessings, at the day of need,  
 Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting :  
 Then, what provoking indigence in wealth !  
 What aggravated impotence in pow'r !  
 High titles, then, what insult on their pain !  
 If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,  
 Immortal hope ! defies not the rude storm,  
 Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage,  
 And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.  
 Is this a sketch of what thy soul admires ?  
 " But here (thou say'st) the miseries of life  
 " Are huddled in a group. A more distinct  
 " Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news.  
 Look on life's stages : they speak plainer still ;  
 The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh.  
 Look on thy lovely boy ; in him behold  
 The best that can befall the best on earth ;  
 The boy has virtue by his mother's side :  
 Yes, on Florello look ; a father's heart  
 Is tender, tho' the man's is made of stone ;  
 The truth, through such a medium seen, may make  
 Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.  
 Florello lately cast on this rude coast  
 A helpless infant ; now a heedless child ;  
 To poor Clarissa's throes thy care succeeds ;  
 Care full of love, and yet severe as hate !  
 O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns !  
 Needful austerities his will restrain ;  
 As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.  
 As yet, his reason cannot go alone ;  
 But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.  
 His little heart is often terrify'd ;  
 The blush of morning, in his cheek, turns pale :  
 Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye ;  
 His harmless eye ! and drowns an angel there.  
 Ah ! what avails his innocence ? the task  
 Enjoin'd, must discipline his early pow'rs ;

He learns to sigh, ere he has known to sin;  
 Guiltless, and sad! a wretch before the fall!  
 How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.  
 Our nature such, with necessary pains  
 We purchase prospects of precarious peace:  
 Tho' not a father, this might steal a sigh.

Suppose him disciplin'd aright (if not,  
 'Twill sink our poor account to poorer still:)  
 Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,  
 He leaps inclosure, bounds into the world;  
 The world is taken, after ten years toil,  
 Like ancient Troy; and all its joys his own.  
 Alas! the world's a tutor more severe;  
 Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains;  
 Unteaching all his virtuous nature taught,  
 Or books. (fair virtue's advocates) inspir'd.  
 For who receives him into public life?  
 Men of the World, the terræ-filial breed,  
 Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere,  
 (Which glitter'd long, at distance, in his sight)  
 And, in their hospitable arms, inclose:  
 Men, who think nought so strong of the romance,  
 So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:  
 Men that act up to Reason's golden rule,  
 All weakness of affection quite subdued:  
 Men that would blush at being thought sincere,  
 And feign, for glory, the few faults they want;  
 That love a lie, where truth would pay as well;  
 As if, to them, Vice shone her own reward.

Lorenzo! canst thou bear a shocking sight?  
 Such, for Florello's sake, 'twill now appear:  
 See the steel'd files of season'd veterans,  
 Train'd to the world, in burnish'd falsehood bright;  
 Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace;  
 All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off;  
 All their keen purpose in politeness sheath'd:  
 His friends eternal—during interest;  
 His foes implacable—when worth their while;



# NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

11

At war with ev'ry welfare, but their own;  
As wise as Lucifer, and half as good;  
And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain—  
Naked, through these (so common fate ordains)  
Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,  
Stung out of all most amiable in life,  
Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles unfeign'd;  
Affections, as his species, wide diffus'd;  
Noble presumptions to mankind's renown;  
Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.

These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)  
Will cost him many a sigh; till time, and pains,  
From the slow mistress of this school, Experience,  
And her assistant, pausing, pale Distrust,  
Purchase a dear-bought clue to lead his youth  
Through serpentine obliquities of life,  
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.  
And happy! if the clue shall come so cheap;  
For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,  
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,  
If less than heav'nly virtue is our guard.  
Thus, a strange kind of curs'd necessity  
Brings down the sterling temper of his soul,  
By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,  
Below call'd wisdom; sinks him into safety,  
And brands him into credit with the world;  
Where specious titles dignify disgrace,  
And Nature's injuries are arts of life;  
Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes,  
And heav'nly talents make infernal hearts;  
That unfurmountable extreme of guilt!

Poor Machiavel! who labour'd hard his plan,  
Forgot that genius need not go to school;  
Forgot that man, without a tutor wife,  
His plan had practis'd long before 'twas writ.  
The world's all title-page, there's no contents;  
The world's all face; the man who shews his heart,  
Is whooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.

A man I knew, who lived upon a smile;  
 And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;  
 While rankest venom foam'd thro' ev'ry vein.  
 Lorenzo! what I tell thee, take not ill:  
 Living, he fawn'd on ev'ry fool alive;  
 And, dying, curs'd the friend on whom he liv'd.  
 To such proficients thou art half a saint.  
 In foreign realms (for thou hast travell'd far)  
 How curious to contemplate two state-rooks,  
 Studious their nests to feather in a trice,  
 With all the necromantics of their art,  
 Playing the game of faces on each other,  
 Making court-sweetmeats of their latent gall,  
 In foolish hope to steal each other's trust;  
 Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;  
 And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone!  
 Their parts we doubt not; but be that their shame:  
 Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,  
 Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool?  
 And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve?  
 For who can thank the man he cannot see?

Why so much cover? It defeats itself.  
 Ye, that know all things! know ye not, mens hearts  
 Are therefore known, because they are conceal'd?  
 For why conceal'd?—The cause they need not tell.  
 I give him joy that's awkward at a lie;  
 Whose feeble nature Truth still keeps in awe;  
 His incapacity is his renown.  
 'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise;  
 It shews our spirit, or it proves our strength.  
 Thou sayst, 'tis needful: is it therefore right?  
 Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace,  
 To strain at an excuse: and wouldst thou then  
 Escape that cruel need? thou mayst, with ease;  
 Think no post needful that demands a knave.  
 When late our civil helm was shifting hands,  
 So P—— thought: think better, if you can.  
 But this, how rare! the public path of life



Is dirty:—yet, allow that dirt its due,  
 It makes the noble mind more noble still:  
 The world's no neuter; it will wound or save;  
 Our virtue quench, or indignation fire.  
 You say, The world, well known, will make a man:—  
 The world, well known, will give our hearts to heav'n,  
 Or make us dæmons, long before we die.

To shew how fair the world, thy mistress, shines,  
 Take either part, sure ills attend the choice;  
 Sure, tho' not equal, detriment ensues.  
 Not virtue's self is deify'd on earth:  
 Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes;  
 Foes that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.  
 Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.  
 True friends to virtue, last, and least, complain;  
 But if they sigh, can others hope to smile?  
 If Wisdom has her miseries to mourn,  
 How can poor Folly lead a happy life?  
 And if both suffer, what has earth to boast,  
 Where he most happy who the least laments?  
 Where much, much patience. the most envy'd state,  
 And some forgiveness, needs the best of friends?  
 For friend, for happy life, who looks not higher,  
 Of neither shall he find the shadow here.

The world's sworn advocate, without a fee,  
 Lorenzo smartly, with a smile, replies:  
 " Thus far thy song is right; and all must own,  
 " Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.—  
 " And joys peculiar who to Vice denies?  
 " If vice it is, with Nature to comply:  
 " If pride and sense are so predominant,  
 " To check, not overcome them, makes a saint.  
 " Can Nature in a plainer voice proclaim  
 " Pleasure, and glory, the chief good of man?"

Can pride, and sensuality, rejoice?  
 From purity of thought all pleasure springs;  
 And, from an humble spirit, all our peace.  
 Ambition, Pleasure! let us talk of these:

Of these, the Porch and Academy talk'd;  
 Of these, each following age had much to say;  
 Yet unexhausted still the needful theme.  
 Who talks of these, to mankind all at once  
 He talks; for where the saint from either free?  
 Are these thy refuge?—No; these rush upon thee;  
 Thy vitals seize, and vulture-like devour:  
 I'll try if I can pluck thee from thy rock,  
 Prometheus! from this barren ball of earth;  
 If Reason can unchain thee, thou art free.

And, first, thy Caucasus, ambition, calls;  
 Mountain of torments! eminence of woes!  
 Of courted woes! and courted through mistake!  
 'Tis not ambition charms thee; 'tis a cheat  
 Will makethee start, as H—— at his moor.  
 Dost grasp at greatness? First, know what it is:  
 Think'st thou thy greatness in distinction lies?  
 Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,  
 By Fortune stuck, to mark us from the throng,  
 Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverse;  
 In that which joins, in that which equals, all,  
 The monarch and his slave;—"a deathless soul,  
 "Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,  
 "A father God, and brothers in the skies;"  
 Elder, indeed, in time; but less remote  
 In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man;  
 Why greater what can fall, than what can rise?

If still delirious, now, Lorenzo! go;  
 And, with thy full-blown brothers of the world,  
 Throw scorn around thee; cast it on thy slaves;  
 Thy slaves, and equals: how scorn cast on them,  
 Rebounds on thee! If man is mean, as man,  
 Art thou a god? If fortune makes him so,  
 Beware the consequence: a maxim that  
 Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind;  
 Where, in the drapery, the man is lost;  
 Externals flutt'ring, and the soul forgot;  
 Thy greatest glory when dispos'd to boast,

Boast that aloud, in which thy servants share.

We wisely strip the sseed we mean to buy;  
Judge we, in their caparisons, of men?  
It nought avails thee where, but what, thou art;  
All the distinctions of this little life  
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man.  
When, through death's freights, earth's subtile ser-  
pents creep,

Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,  
As crooked Satan the forbidden tree,  
They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,  
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft  
Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.  
Of fortune's fucus strip them, yet alive;  
Strip them of body, too; nay, closer still,  
Away with all, but moral, in their minds;  
And let what then remains impose their name,  
Pronounce them weak or worthy, great or mean.  
How mean that snuff of glory fortune lights,  
And death puts out! Dost thou demand a test,  
A test at once infallible and short,  
Of real greatness? That man greatly lives,  
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;  
High flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.  
If this a true criterion, many courts,  
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.  
Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys  
Nought greater, than an honest, humble heart;  
An humble heart, his residence! pronounc'd  
His second seat; and rival to the skies.  
The private path, the secret acts of men,  
If noble, far the noblest of our lives!  
How far above Lorenzo's glory sits  
Th' illustrious master of a name unknown!  
Whose worth unrival'd, and unwitness'd, loves  
Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men;  
And peace, beyond the world's conception, smiles!  
As thou (now dark) before we part, shalt see.

But thy great soul this skulking glory scorns.  
 Lorenzo's sick, but when Lorenzo's seen;  
 And, when he shrugs at public bus'ness, lies.  
 Deny'd the public eye, the public voice,  
 As if he liv'd on others breath, he dies.  
 Fain would he make the world his pedestal;  
 Mankind, the gazers; the sole figure, he.  
 Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,  
 And mix as much detraction as they can?  
 Knows he, that faithless Fame her whisper has,  
 As well as trumpet? that his vanity  
 Is so much tickled from not hearing all?  
 Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praise,  
 Or, from an itch more sordid, when he shines,  
 Taking his country by five hundred ears,  
 Senates at once admire him, and despise,  
 With modest laughter lining loud applause,  
 Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame?  
 His fame, which (like the mighty Cæsar) crown'd  
 With laurels, in full senate, greatly falls,  
 By seeming friends, that honour, and destroy.  
 We rise in glory, as we sink in pride:  
 Where boasting ends, there dignity begins:  
 And yet mistaken, beyond all mistake,  
 The blind Lorenzo's proud——of being proud;  
 And dreams himself ascending in his fall.

An eminence, tho' fancied, turns the brain;  
 All vice wants hellbore; but, of all vice,  
 Pride loudest calls, and for the largest bowl;  
 Because, unlike all other vice, it flies,  
 In fact, the point in fancy most pursu'd.  
 Who court applause, oblige the world in this;  
 They gratify man's passion to refuse.  
 Superior honour, when assum'd, is lost;  
 Ev'n good men turn banditti, and rejoice,  
 Like Kouli-Kan, in plunder of the proud.  
 Tho' somewhat disconcerted, steady still  
 To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,

- " Lorenzo cries—Be, then, ambition cast;  
 " Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd,  
 " Gay Pleasure! proud ambition is her slave;  
 " For her, he soars at great, and hazards ill;  
 " For her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;  
 " And paves his way with crowns to reach her smile!  
 " Who can resist her charms?"——or should,

Lorenzo!

What mortal shall resist, where angels yield?  
 Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal pow'rs;  
 For her contend the rival gods above:  
 Pleasure's the mistress of the world below;  
 And well it is for man, that pleasure charms;  
 How would All stagnate, but for pleasure's ray!  
 How would the frozen stream of action cease!  
 What is the pulse of this so busy world?  
 The love of pleasure: that, thro' ev'ry vein,  
 Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death from  
 Tho' various are the tempers of mankind, [life.  
 Pleasure's gay family hold All in chains:  
 Some most affect the black, and some the fair;  
 Some honest pleasure court, and some obscene.  
 Pleasures obscene are various, as the throng  
 Of passions, that can err in human hearts;  
 Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.  
 Think you there's but one whoredom? whoredom, All,  
 But when our reason licenses delight.  
 Dost doubt, Lorenzo? thou shalt doubt no more.  
 Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs  
 An ugly common harlot in the dark,  
 A rank adulterer with other's gold;  
 And that hag, Vengeance, in a corner, charms.  
 Hatred her brothel has, as well as love,  
 Where horrid Epicures debauch in blood.  
 Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark:  
 For her, the black assassin draws his sword;  
 For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp,  
 To which no single sacrifice may fall;



## 18 THE COMPLAINT:

For her, the faint abstains ; the miser starves ;  
 The Stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorn'd ;  
 For her, Affliction's daughters grief indulge,  
 And find, or hope, a luxury in tears ;  
 For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy ;  
 And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death.  
 Thus universal her despotic power.

And as her empire wide, her praise is just.  
 Patron of pleasure ! doater on delight !  
 I am thy rival ; pleasure I profess ;  
 Pleasure, the purpose of my gloomy song :  
 Pleasure is nought but Virtue's gayer name ;  
 I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low ;  
 Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flow'r ;  
 And honest Epicurus' foes were fools.

But this sounds harsh, and gives the wise offence ;  
 If o'erstrain'd wisdom still retains the name.  
 How knits Austerity her cloudy brow,  
 And blames as bold, and hazardous, the praise  
 Of pleasure, to mankind, unprais'd, too dear !  
 Ye modern Stoics ! hear my soft reply ;  
 Their senses men will trust : We can't impose ;  
 Or, if we could, is imposition right ?  
 Own honey sweet ; but, owning, add this sting ;  
 " When mix'd with poison, it is deadly too."  
 Truth never was indebted to a lie.  
 Is nought but virtue to be prais'd, as good ?  
 Why then is health preferr'd before disease ?  
 What nature loves, is good, without our leave.  
 And where no future draw-back cries, " Beware ;"  
 Pleasure, though not from virtue, should prevail.  
 'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to Heav'n :  
 How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd !  
 The love of pleasure is man's eldest-born,  
 Born in his cradle, living to his tomb ;  
 Wisdom her younger sister, tho' more grave,  
 Was meant to minister, and not to mar,  
 Imperial Pleasure, queen of human hearts.

Lorenzo! thou, her majesty's renown'd,  
Tho' uncoift, counsel, learned in the world!  
Who think'st thyself a Murray, with disdain  
Mayst look on me. Yet, my Demosthenes!  
Canst thou plead Pleasure's cause as well as I?  
Knowst thou her nature, purpose, parentage?  
Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all;  
And know thyself; and know thyself to be  
(Strange truth!) the most abstemious man alive.  
Tell not Calista; she will laugh thee dead,  
Or send thee to her hermitage with L——.  
Absurd presumption! thou who never knew'st  
A serious thought, shalt thou dare dream of joy?  
No man e'er found a happy life by chance,  
Or yawn'd it into being with a wish;  
Or, with the snout of grov'ling appetite,  
E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.  
An art it is, and must be learnt; and learnt  
With unremitting effort, or be lost;  
And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our bliss.  
The clouds may drop down titles and estates;  
Wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be sought;  
Sought before all; but (how unlike all else  
We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain. [see:  
First, Pleasure's birth, rise, strength, and grandeur,  
Brought forth by Wisdom, nurs'd by Discipline,  
By Patience taught, by Perseverance crown'd,  
She rears her head majestic; round her throne  
Erected in the bosom of the just,  
Each virtue list'd, forms her manly guard.  
For what are virtues? (formidable name!)  
What but the fountain, or defence, of joy?  
Why, then, commanded? need mankind commands,  
At once to merit and to make their bliss?——  
Great Legislator! scarce so great, as kind!  
If men are rational, and love delight,  
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice;  
In the transgression lyes the penalty;



And they the most indulge, who most obey.

Of pleasure, next, the final cause explore;  
 Its mighty purpose, its important end.  
 Not to turn human brutal, but to build  
 Divine on human, Pleasure came from Heav'n.  
 In aid to Reason was the goddess sent;  
 To call up all its strength by such a charm.  
 Pleasure, first, succours Virtue; in return,  
 Virtue gives Pleasure an eternal reign.  
 What but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,  
 Supports life nat'ral, civil, and divine?  
 'Tis from the pleasure of repast, we live;  
 'Tis from the pleasure of applause, we please;  
 'Tis from the pleasure of belief, we pray;  
 (All pray'r would cease, if unbeliev'd the prize:)  
 It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;  
 And to serve more, is past the sphere of man.  
 Glide then, for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!  
 Through Eden as Euphrates ran, it runs,  
 And fosters ev'ry growth of happy life;  
 Makes a new Eden where it flows;—but such  
 As must be lost, Lorenzo! by thy fall.

“What mean I by thy fall?”—Thou'lt shortly see,  
 While Pleasure's nature is at large display'd;  
 Already sung her origin and ends:  
 Those glorious ends, by kind or by degree,  
 When Pleasure violates, 'tis then a vice,  
 And vengeance too; it hastens into pain.  
 From due refreshment, life, health, reason, joy;  
 From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death;  
 Heav'n's justice this proclaims, and that her love,  
 What greater evil can I wish my foe,  
 Than his full draught of pleasure from a cask  
 Unbroach'd by just authority, ungaug'd  
 By Temperance, by Reason unrefin'd?  
 A thousand dæmons lurk within the lee.  
 Heav'n, others, and ourselves! uninjur'd these,  
 Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more divine;

Angels are angels from indulgence there;  
'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.  
Dost think thyself a god from others joys?  
A victim rather! shortly sure to bleed.  
The wrong must mourn: can Heav'n's appointments fail?

Can man outwit Omnipotence? strike out  
A self-wrought happiness unmeant by Him  
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?  
Who forms an instrument, ordains from whence  
Its dissonance, or harmony, shall rise.  
Heav'n bid the soul this mortal frame inspire;  
Bid Virtue's ray divine inspire the soul  
With unprecious flows of vital joy;  
And, without breathing, man as well might hope  
For life, as, without piety, for peace.

"Is Virtue, then, and Piety, the same?"——

No; piety is more; 'tis Virtue's source;  
Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy.  
Men of the world this doctrine ill digest;  
They smile at piety; yet boast aloud  
Good-will to men; nor know, they strive to part  
What Nature joins; and thus confute themselves.  
With Piety begins all good on earth;  
'Tis the first-born of Rationality.  
Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lyes;  
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good;  
A feign'd affection bounds her utmost pow'r.  
Some we can't love, but for th' Almighty's sake;  
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man;  
Some sinister intent taints all he does,  
And in his kindest actions he's unkind.

On piety, humanity is built;  
And on humanity, much happiness;  
And yet still more on piety itself.  
A soul in commerce with her God, is heav'n;  
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life,  
'The whirls of passion, and the strokes of heart.

A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;  
 A deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;  
 A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.  
 Each branch of piety delight inspires:  
 Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next  
 O'er Death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides:  
 Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,  
 That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still:  
 Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a stream  
 Of glory on the consecrated hour  
 Of man, in audience with the Deity.  
 Who worships the Great God, that instant joins  
 The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell:  
 Lorenzo! when wast thou at church before?  
 Thou think'st the service long: but is it just?  
 Tho' just, unwelcome: thou hadst rather tread  
 Unhallow'd ground; the muse, to win thine ear,  
 Must take an air less solemn. She complies.  
 Good conscience! at the sound the world retires;  
 Verse disaffects it, and Lorenzo smiles:  
 Yet has she her seraglio full of charms;  
 And such as age shall heighten, not impair.  
 Art thou dejected? is thy mind o'ercast?  
 Amid her fair ones, thou the fairest chuse,  
 To chase thy gloom.—“Go, fix some weighty truth;  
 “Chain down some passion; do some gen'rous good;  
 “Teach Ignorance to see, or Grief to smile;  
 “Correct thy friend; befriend thy greatest foe;  
 “Or, with warm heart, and confidence divine,  
 “Spring up, and lay strong hold on Him who made  
 Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow; [thee.”  
 Tho' wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.  
 Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,  
 Loud mirth, mad laughter? Wretched comforters!  
 Physicians more than half of thy disease!  
 Laughter, tho' never censur'd yet as sin,  
 (Pardon a thought that only *seems* severe),  
 Is half immoral: is it much indulg'd?

By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,  
It shews a scorner, or it makes a fool;  
And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.  
'Tis pride, or emptiness, applies the straw  
That tickles little minds to mirth effuse;  
Of grief approaching, the portentous sign!  
The house of laughter makes a house of wo.  
A man triumphant is a monstrous sight;  
A man dejected is a sight as mean.  
What cause for triumph, where such ills abound?  
What for dejection, where presides a Pow'r  
Who call'd us into being to be blest'd?  
So grieve, as conscious, grief may rise to joy;  
So joy, as conscious, joy to grief may fall.  
Most true, a wise man never will be sad;  
But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,  
A shallow stream of happiness betray:  
Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

Yet wouldst thou laugh, (but at thy own expence),  
This counsel strange should I presume to give—  
“Retire, and read thy Bible, to be gay.”  
There truths abound of sov'reign aid to peace;  
Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd,  
As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.  
If not inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,  
Time's treasure! and the wonder of the wise!  
Thou think'st, perhaps, thy soul alone at stake;  
Alas!—Should men mistake thee for a fool;—  
What man of taste for genius, wisdom, truth,  
Tho' tender of thy fame, could interpose?  
Believe me, sense here acts a double part,  
And the true critic is a Christian too.

But these, thou think'st, are gloomy paths to joy.—  
True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first:  
They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please;  
And travel only gives us sound repose.  
Heav'n sells all pleasure; effort is the price;  
The joys of conquest, are the joys of man;

And glory the victorious laurel spreads  
 O'er pleasure's pure, perpetual, placid stream.  
 There is a time, when toil must be preferr'd;  
 Or joy, by mis-tim'd fondness, is undone.  
 A man of pleasure, is a man of pains.  
 Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest'd.  
 False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought;  
 From thought's full bent, and energy, the true;  
 And that demands a mind in equal poise,  
 Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.  
 Much joy not only speaks small happiness,  
 But happiness that shortly must expire.  
 Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand?  
 And, in a tempest, can reflection live?  
 Can joy, like thine, secure itself an hour?  
 Can joy, like thine, meet accident unshock'd?  
 Or ope the door to honest poverty?  
 Or talk with threat'ning death, and not turn pale?  
 In such a world, and such a nature, these  
 Are needful fundamentals of delight:  
 These fundamentals give delight indeed;  
 Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;  
 Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine;  
 A constant and a sound, but serious, joy.  
 Is Joy the daughter of Severity?  
 It is:—yet far my doctrine from severe.  
 "Rejoice for ever;" it becomes a man;  
 Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods.  
 "Rejoice for ever;" Nature cries, "Rejoice;"  
 And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,  
 Mix'd up of delicacies for ev'ry sense;  
 To the great Founder of the bounteous feast,  
 Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise;  
 And he that will not pledge her, is a churl.  
 Ill firmly to support, good fully taste,  
 Is the whole science of felicity,  
 Yet sparing pledge: her bowl is not the best  
 Mankind can boast.—"A rational repast;"



"Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,  
 "A military discipline of thought,  
 "To foil temptation in the doubtful field;  
 "And ever-waking ardor for the right:"  
 'Tis these first give, then guard, a cheerful heart.  
 Nought that is right, think little; well aware,  
 What Reason bids, God bids; by His command  
 How aggrandiz'd the smallest thing we do!  
 Thus, nothing is insipid to the wise;  
 To thee, insipid all, but what is mad;  
 Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.  
 "Mad!" (thou reply'ft, with indignation fir'd)  
 "Of ancient sages proud to tread the steps,  
 "I follow Nature."—Follow Nature still,  
 But look it be thine own: is Conscience, then,  
 No part of Nature? is she not supreme?  
 Thou regicide! O raise her from the dead!  
 Then, follow Nature; and resemble God.

When, spite of conscience, pleasure is pursu'd,  
 Man's nature is unnaturally pleas'd;  
 And what's unnatural, is painful too  
 At intervals, and must disgust even thee!  
 The fact thou know'ft; but not, perhaps, the cause.  
 Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid;  
 Heav'n mix'd her with our make, and twist'd close  
 Her sacred int'rests with the strings of life.  
 Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,  
 His better self: and is it greater pain,  
 Our soul should murmur, or our dust repine?  
 And one, in their eternal war, must bleed.

If one must suffer, which should least be spar'd?  
 The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense:  
 Ask, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt?  
 The joys of sense to mental joys are mean:  
 Sense on the present only feeds; the soul  
 On past and future forages for joy.  
 'Tis her's, by retrospect, thro' time to range;  
 And forward time's great sequel to survey.

Could human courts take vengeance on the mind,  
 Axes might rust, and racks and gibbets fall:  
 Guard then, thy mind, and leave the rest to Fate.

Lorenzo! wilt thou never be a man?

The man is dead, who for the body lives,  
 Lur'd, by the beating of his pulse, to list  
 With ev'ry lust that wars against his peace,  
 And sets him quite at variance with himself.  
 Thyself, first know; then love: a self there is  
 Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.  
 A self there is, as fond of ev'ry vice,  
 While ev'ry virtue wounds it to the heart;  
 Humility degrades it, justice robs,  
 Bless'd bounty beggars it, fair truth betrays,  
 And godlike magnanimity destroys.  
 This self, when rival to the former, scorn;  
 When not in competition, kindly treat,  
 Defend it, feed it:—but when virtue bids,  
 Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.  
 And why? 'tis love of pleasure bids thee bleed;  
 Comply, or own self-love extinct or blind.

For what is vice? self-love in a mistake;  
 A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.  
 And virtue, what? 'tis self-love in her wits,  
 Quite skilful in the market of delight.  
 Self-love's good sense is love of that dread Pow'r,  
 From whom herself, and all she can enjoy.  
 Other self-love is but disguis'd self-hate;  
 More mortal than the malice of our foes;  
 A self-hate, now scarce felt; then felt full sore,  
 When being, curs'd; extinction, loud implor'd;  
 And ev'ry thing prefer'd to what we are.

Yet this self-love Lorenzo makes his choice;  
 And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.  
 How is his want of happiness betray'd,  
 By disaffection to the present hour!  
 Imagination wanders far a-field:  
 The future pleases: Why? The present pains.—



"But that's a secret."—Yes, which all men know;  
And know from thee, discover'd unawares.  
Thy ceaseless agitation, restless roll  
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause;  
What is it? 'tis the cradle of the soul,  
From instinct sent, to rock her in disease,  
Which her physician, Reason, will not cure.  
A poor expedient! yet thy best; and while  
It mitigates thy pain, it owns it too.

Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies?  
The weak have remedies; the wise have joys.  
Superior wisdom is superior bliss.  
And what sure mark distinguishes the wise?  
Consistent wisdom ever wills the same;  
Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.  
Sick of herself, is Folly's character;  
As Wisdom's is, a modest self-applause.  
A change of evils is thy good supreme;  
Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.  
Man's greatest strength is shewn in standing still.  
The first sure symptom of a mind in health,  
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.  
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports;  
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the true.  
The true is fix'd, and solid as a rock;  
Slipp'ry the false, and tossing, as the wave.  
This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain;  
That like the fabled, self-enamour'd boy,  
Home-contemplation her supreme delight:  
She dreads an interruption from without,  
Smit with her own condition; and the more  
Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth  
There breathes not a more happy than himself:  
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;  
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.  
Such angels all, entitled to repose  
On Him who governs Fate. Tho' Tempest frowns,

'Tho' Nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heav'n!  
 To lean on Him, on whom archangels lean!  
 With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,  
 They stand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,  
 Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;  
 For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old  
 In Israel's dream, come from, and go to, heav'n:  
 Hence, are they studious of sequester'd scenes;  
 While noise and dissipation comfort thee.

Were all men happy, revellings would cease,  
 That opiate for inquietude within.  
 Lorenzo! never man was truly blest'd,  
 But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,  
 As Folly might mistake for want of joy;  
 A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud;  
 A modest-aspect, and a smile at heart.  
 O for a joy from thy Philander's spring!  
 A spring perennial, rising in the breast,  
 And permanent, as pure! no turbid stream  
 Of rapt'rous exultation swelling high;  
 Which, like land floods, impetuous, pour a while,  
 Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.  
 What does the man, who transient joy prefers?  
 What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream?

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight;  
 Convulsions of a weak distemper'd joy.  
 Joy's a fix'd state; a tenor, not a start.  
 Bliss there is none, but unprecarious bliss:  
 That is the gem; sell all, and purchase that.  
 Why go a-begging to contingencies,  
 Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd if gain'd?  
 At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause;  
 Suspect it; what thou canst ensure, enjoy;  
 And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.  
 Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,  
 And makes it as immortal as herself:  
 To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.  
 Worth, conscious worth! should absolutely reign;

And other joys ask leave for their approach;  
Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.  
Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys  
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;  
Not the least promise of internal peace!  
No bosom-comfort, or unborrow'd bliss!  
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward-bound,  
'Midst sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for  
pleasure;

If gain'd, dear-bought; and better mis'd than gain'd.  
Much pain must expiate, what much pain procur'd.  
Fancy, and sense, from an infected shore,  
Thy cargo bring; and pestilence the prize.  
Then, such thy thirst, (insatiable thirst!  
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more)  
Fancy still cruises, when poor Sense is tir'd.  
Imagination is the Paphian shop,  
Where feeble happiness, like Vulcan, lame,  
Bids foul ideas, in their dark recess,  
And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires,)  
With wanton art those fatal arrows form  
Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.  
Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there are,  
Which these, with art divine, would counterwork,  
And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In this is seen Imagination's guilt;  
But who can count her follies? She betrays thee,  
To think in grandeur there is something great.  
For works of curious art, and ancient fame,  
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;  
And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.  
Hence, what disaster!—Tho' the price was paid,  
That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome,  
Whose foot, ye gods! tho' cloven, must be kiss'd,  
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore;  
(Such is the fate of honest Protestants!)  
And poor magnificence is starv'd to death.  
Hence just resentment, indignation, ire!—

Be pacify'd: if outward things are great,  
 'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn;  
 Pompous expences, and parades august,  
 And courts; that insalubrious soil to peace.  
 True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye;  
 True happiness resides in things unseen.  
 No smiles of Fortune ever blest'd the bad,  
 Nor can her frowns rob innocence of joys;  
 That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:  
 So tell his Holiness, and be reveng'd.  
 Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;  
 Our only contest, what deserves the name.  
 Give Pleasure's name to nought, but what has pass'd  
 Th' authentic seal of Reason (which, like Yorke,  
 Demurs on what it passes) and defies  
 The tooth of Time; when past, a pleasure still;  
 Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,  
 And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes  
 Our future, while it forms our present, joy.  
 Some joys the future overcast; and some  
 Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.  
 Some joys endear eternity; some give  
 Abhor'd annihilation dreadful charms.  
 Are rival joys contending for thy choice?  
 Consult thy whole existence, and be safe;  
 That oracle will put all doubt to flight.  
 Short is the lesson, tho' my lecture long;  
*Be good*—and let Heav'n answer for the rest.  
 Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,  
 In this our day of proof, our land of hope,  
 The good man has his clouds that intervene;  
 Clouds, that obscure his sublunary day,  
 But never conquer: even the best must own,  
 Patience, and resignation, are the pillars  
 Of human peace on earth. The pillars, these;  
 But those of Seth not more remote from thee,  
 Till this heroic lesson thou hast learnt;  
 To frown at *pleasure*, and to smile in *pain*.

Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss,  
 Heav'n in reversion, like the sun as yet  
 Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world;  
 It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,  
 The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

" This (says Lorenzo) is a fair harangue:  
 " But can harangues blow back strong nature's stream;  
 " Or stem the tide Heav'n pushes thro' our veins,  
 " Which sweeps away man's impotent resolves,  
 " And lays his labour level with the world?"

Themselves men make their comment on mankind;  
 And think nought is, but what they find at home:  
 Thus, weakness to chimera turns the truth.  
 Nothing romantic has the muse prescrib'd.  
 Above \*, Lorenzo saw the man of earth,  
 The mortal man; and wretched was the sight.  
 To balance that, to comfort and exalt,  
 Now see the man immortal: him, I mean,  
 Who lives as such; whose heart, full bent on heav'n,  
 Leans all that way, his bias to the stars.  
 The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise  
 His lustre more; tho' bright, without a foil:  
 Observe his awful portrait, and admire:  
 Nor stop at wonder; imitate, and live.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw  
 What nothing less than angel can exceed,  
 A man on earth devoted to the skies;  
 Like ships in seas, while in, above, the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,  
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,  
 Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;  
 All the black cares and tumults of this life,  
 Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,  
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace.  
 Earth's genuine sons, the scepter'd, and the slave,  
 A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees  
 Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!  
 His full reverse in all! What higher praise?

\* In a former Night.



## 32 THE COMPLAINT:

What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all their care; the future his.  
 When public welfare calls, or private want,  
 They give to fame; his bounty he conceals.  
*Their* virtues varnish nature; *his* exalt.  
 Mankind's esteem they court; and he, his own.  
*Theirs*, the wild chace of false felicities;  
 His, the compos'd possession of the true.  
 Alike throughout is his consistent peace,  
 All of one colour and an even thread:  
 While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,  
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them  
 A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows  
 The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs; where they  
 Behold a sun, he spies a Deity;  
 What makes them only smile, makes him adore.  
 Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;  
 An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.  
 They things terrestrial worship, as divine;  
 His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,  
 That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,  
 Which longs in infinite, to lose all bound.  
 Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)  
 He lays aside to find his dignity;  
 No dignity *they* find in aught besides.  
 They triumph in externals, (which conceal  
 Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse.  
 Himself too much *he* prizes to be proud;  
 And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.  
 Too dear he holds his int'rest, to neglect  
 Another's welfare, or his right invade;  
 Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey.  
*They* kindle at the shadow of a wrong;  
 Wrong *he* sustains with temper, looks on heav'n,  
 Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;  
 Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.  
 A cover'd heart *their* character defends;

A cover'd heart denies *him* half his praise.  
With nakedness *his* innocence agrees;  
While *their* broad foliage testifies their fall.  
*Their* no-joys end, where *his* full feast begins;  
*His* joys create, *theirs* murder, future bliss.  
To triumph in existence, his alone;  
And his alone, triumphantly to think  
His true existence is not yet begun:  
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete; —  
Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

But nothing charms Lorenzo, like the firm,  
Undaunted breast—And whose is that high praise?  
*They* yield to pleasure, tho' they danger brave,  
And shew no fortitude but in the field;  
If there they shew it, 'tis for glory shewn;  
Nor will that cordial always man *their* hearts.  
A cordial *his* sustains, that cannot fail;  
By pleasure unshackled, unbroke by pain,  
He shares in that omnipotence he trusts.  
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls;  
And when he falls, writes VICI on his shield.  
From magnanimity, all fear above;  
From nobler recompense, above applause,  
Which owes to man's short out-look all its charms.

Backward to credit what he never felt,  
Lorenzo cries,—“ Where shines this miracle?  
“ From what root rises this immortal man?”  
A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground:  
The root disfect, nor wonder at the flow'r.

*He* follows nature (not like \* thee,) and shews us  
An uninverted system of a man.  
His appetite wears reason's golden chain,  
And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.  
His passion, like an eagle well reclaim'd,  
Is taught to fly at nought but infinite.  
Patient his hope, unanxious is his care,  
His caution fearless, and his grief (if grief  
The gods ordain) a stranger to despair.

\* See page 25. l. 12.

And why?—Because affection, more than meet,  
 His wisdom leaves not disengag'd from Heav'n.  
 Those secondary goods that smile on earth,  
 He loving in proportion, loves in peace.  
 They most the world enjoy, who least admire.  
 His understanding 'scapes the common cloud  
 Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast.  
 His head is clear, because his heart is cool,  
 By worldly competitions uninflam'd.  
 The mod'rate movements of his soul admit  
 Distinct ideas and matur'd debate,  
 An eye impartial, and an even scale;  
 Whence judgment found, and unrepenting choice.  
 Thus, in a double sense, the good are wise;  
 On its own dunghill, wiser than the world.  
 What, then, the world? it must be doubly weak;  
 Strange truth! as soon would they believe their creed.

Yet thus it is; nor otherwise can be;  
 So far from aught romantic what I sing.  
 Bliss has no being, virtue has no strength,  
 But from the prospect of immortal life.  
 Who think earth all, or (what weighs just the same)  
 Who care no farther, must prize what it yields;  
 Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.  
 Who thinks earth nothing, can't its charms admire;  
 He can't a foe, though most malignant, hate,  
 Because that hate would prove his greater foe.  
 'Tis hard for them (yet who so loudly boast  
 Good-will to men?) to love their dearest friend;  
 For may not he invade their good supreme,  
 Where the least jealousy turns love to gall?  
 All shines to them, that for a season shines.  
 Each act, each thought, he questions, "What its  
 weight,

"Its colour what, a thousand ages hence?"—  
 And what it there appears, he deems it now.  
 Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.  
 The god-like man has nothing to conceal.

His virtue, constitutionally deep,  
Has habit's firmness, and affection's flame;  
Angels, ally'd, descend to feed the fire;  
And death, which others slays, makes him a god.

And now, Lorenzo! bigot of this world!  
Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by Heav'n!  
Stand by thy scorn, and be reduc'd to nought:  
For what art thou?—Thou boaster! while thy glare,  
Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,  
Like a broad mist, at distance strikes us most;  
And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand;  
*His* merit, like a mountain, on approach,  
Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,  
By promise now, and by possession soon,  
(Too soon, too much, it cannot be) his own.

From this thy just annihilation, rise,  
Lorenzo! rise to something, by reply.  
The world, thy client, listens, and expects;  
And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.  
Canst thou be silent? No; for wit is thine;  
And Wit talks most, when least she has to say,  
And Reason interrupts not her career.  
She'll say—That mists above the mountains rise;  
And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse:  
She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust;  
And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste!  
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of sense;  
But, as its substitute, a dire disease.  
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,  
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.  
Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds;  
Passion can give it; sometimes wine inspires  
The lucky flash; and madness rarely fails.  
Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,  
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.  
For thy renown, 'twere well was this the worst;  
Chance often hits it; and to pique thee more,

See Dulness, blund'ring on vivacities,  
 Shakes her sage head at the calamity  
 Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.  
 But Wisdom, awful Wisdom! which inspects,  
 Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,  
 Seizes the right, and holds it to the last;  
 How rare! In senates, synods, fought in vain;  
 Or if there found, 'tis sacred to the few;  
 While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,  
 Frequent as fatal, wit: in civil life,  
 Wit makes an enterprizer; sense a man:  
 Wit hates authority; commotion loves,  
 And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.  
 In states, 'tis dangerous; in religion, death:  
 Shall Wit turn Christian, when the dull believe!  
 Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume;  
 The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves.  
 Sense is the di'mond, weighty, solid, sound;  
 When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;  
 Yet, wit apart, it is a di'mond still.  
 Wit, widow'd of good-sense, is worse than nought;  
 It hoists more sail to run against a rock.  
 Thus, a half-Chesterfield is quite a fool;  
 Whom dull fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.  
 How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,  
 Where Syrens sit, to sing thee to thy fate!  
 A joy, in which our reason bears no part,  
 Is but a sorrow tickling ere it stings.  
 Let not the cooings of the world allure thee;  
 Which of her lovers ever found her true?  
 Happy! of this bad world who little know;—  
 And yet, we must much know her, to be safe.  
 To know the world, not love her, is thy point:  
 She gives but little; nor that little, long.  
 There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse,  
 A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,  
 Our thoughtless agitation's idle child,  
 That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,



Leaving the soul more vapid than before ;  
 An animal ovation! such as holds  
 No commerce with our reason, but subsists  
 On juices, thro' the well-toned tubes, well-strain'd ;  
 A nice machine! scarce ever tuned aright ;  
 And when it jars——thy Syrens sing no more,  
 Thy dance is done ; the demi-god is thrown  
 (Short apotheosis!) beneath the man,  
 In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.

Art thou yet dull enough despair to dread,  
 And startle at destruction? If thou art,  
 Accept a buckler, take it to the field ;  
 (A field of battle is this mortal life!)  
 When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart ;  
 A single sentence proof against the world.  
 " Soul, body, fortune! ev'ry good pertains  
 " To one of these ; but prize not all alike ;  
 " The goods of fortune to thy body's health,  
 " Body to soul, and soul submit to GOD."  
 Wouldst thou build lasting happiness? do this ;  
 Th' inverted pyramid can never stand.

Is this truth doubtful? it outshines the sun ;  
 Nay, the sun shines not, but to shew us this,  
 The single lesson of mankind on earth.  
 And yet—Yet, what? no news! Mankind is mad ;  
 Such mighty numbers list against the right,  
 (And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, atchieve?)  
 They talk themselves to something like belief,  
 That all earth's joys are theirs : as Athens' fool  
 Grinn'd from the port on ev'ry sail his own.

They grin ; but wherefore? and how long the laugh?  
 Half ignorance, their mirth ; and half a lie :  
 To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile.  
 Hard either task! the most abandon'd own,  
 That others, if abandon'd, are undone :  
 Then, for themselves, the moment Reason wakes,  
 (And Providence denies it long repose)  
 O how laborious is their gaiety!

'They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen,  
 Scarce muster patience to support the farce,  
 And pump sad laughter, till the curtain falls.  
 Scarce, did I say? some cannot sit it out;  
 Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,  
 And shew us what their joy, by their despair.

The clotted hair! gor'd breast! blaspheming eye!  
 Its impious fury still alive in death!——  
 Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But Heav'n denies  
 A cover to such guilt; and so should man.  
 Look round, Lorenzo! see the reeking blade;  
 Th' invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;  
 The strangling cord, and suffocating stream;  
 The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays  
 From raging riot (flower suicides!)  
 And pride in these, more execrable still!——  
 How horrid all to thought!—but horrors these  
 That vouch the truth, and aid my feeble song.

From vice, sense, fancy, no man can be bleis'd:  
 Bliss is too great to lodge within an hour;  
 When an immortal being aims at bliss,  
 Duration is essential to the name.  
 O for a joy from Reason! joy from that  
 Which makes man, man; and, exercis'd aright,  
 Will make him more: a bounteous joy! that gives,  
 And promises; that weaves, with art divine,  
 The richest prospect into present peace:  
 A joy ambitious! joy in common held  
 With thrones ethereal, and their greater far:  
 A joy high-privileg'd, from chance, time, death!  
 A joy, which death shall double! judgment, crown!  
 Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage,  
 Thro' blest'd eternity's long day; yet still,  
 Not more remote from sorrow, than from Him,  
 Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours  
 So much of Deity on guilty dust.  
 There, O my Lucia! may I meet thee there,  
 Where not thy presence can improve my bliss!

Affects not this the fates of the world?  
Can nought affect them, but what fools them too?  
Eternity depending on an hour,  
Makes serious thought man's wisdom, joy, and praise.  
Nor need you blush (tho' sometimes your designs  
May shun the light) at your designs on Heav'n;  
Sole point! where over-bashful is your blame.  
Are you not wise?—You know you are: yet hear  
One truth, amid your num'rous schemes, mislaid,  
Or overlook'd, or thrown aside if seen;  
“Our schemes to plan by this world, or the next,  
“Is the sole difference between wise and fool.”  
All worthy men will weigh you in this scale:  
What wonder, then, if they pronounce you light?  
Is their esteem alone not worth your care?  
Accept my simple scheme of common sense:  
Thus save your fame, and make two worlds your own.

The world replies not: but the world persists;  
And puts the cause off to the longest day,  
Planning evasions for the day of doom.  
So far, at that re-hearing, from redress,  
They then turn witnesses against themselves.  
Hear that, Lorenzo! nor be wise to-morrow.  
Haste, haste! a man by nature is in haste!  
For who shall answer for another hour?

'Tis highly prudent, to make one sure friend:  
And that thou canst not do this side the skies.

Ye sons of earth! (nor willing to be more!)  
Since verse you think from priestcraft somewhat free,  
Thus, in an age so gay, the muse plain truths  
(Truths, which, at church, you might have heard  
in prose)

Has ventur'd into light: well pleas'd the verse  
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain;  
And crown her with your welfare, not your praise.  
But praise she need not fear: I see my fate;  
And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulph.  
Since many an ample volume, mighty tome,

Must die, and die unwept; O thou minute,  
Devoted page! go forth among thy foes;  
Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,  
And die a double death: mankind, incens'd,  
Denies thee long to live: nor shalt thou rest,  
When thou art dead; in Stygian shades arraign'd  
By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne;  
And bold blasphemer of his friend—the world;  
The world, whose legions cost him slender pay,  
And volunteers, around his banner swarm;  
Prudent, as Prussia, in her zeal for Gaul.

“Are all, then, fools?” Lorenzo cries.—Yes, all  
But such as hold this doctrine (new to thee;)

“The mother of true wisdom is the will;”  
The noblest intellect a fool without it.

World-wisdom much has done, and more may do,  
In arts and sciences, in wars and peace;  
But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,  
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.

This is the most indulgence can afford;—

‘Thy wisdom all can do, but—make thee wise.’

Nor think this censure is severe on thee;  
Satan, thy master, I dare call a dunce.

T H E  
CONSOLATION.  
NIGHT the NINTH.

Containing among other things,

- I. A moral Survey of the Nocturnal Heavens.
- II. A Night-ADDRESS to the DEITY.

Humbly inscribed to his Grace  
The DUKE of NEWCASTLE,  
One of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

— Fatis contraria fata rependens.

VIRG.



# CONSOLATION

IN THE

I. A mortal enemy of the National Union  
II. A Noble Soldier to the Cause

THE LIFE OF THE  
Gen. of the 1st Regt. of the 1st Div. of the 1st Army

—

[ 41 ]  
NIGHT the NINTH.

AS when a traveller, a long day past  
In painful search of what he cannot find,  
At night's approach, content with the next cot,  
There ruminates, a while, his labour lost;  
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,  
And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,  
Till the due season calls him to repose:  
Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,  
And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,  
Where Disappointment smiles at Hope's career;  
Warn'd by the languor of life's ev'ning ray,  
At length have hous'd me in an humble shed,  
Where, future wand'rings banish'd from my thought,  
And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,  
I chace the moments with a serious song.  
Song sooths our pains; and age has pains to soothe.

When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at  
heart,  
Torn from my bleeding breast, and Death's dark shade,  
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' etherial fire;  
Canst thou, O Night! indulge one labour more?  
One labour more indulge: then sleep, my strain!  
Till haply wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,  
Wherewith, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow, cease;  
To bear a part in everlasting lays;  
Tho' far, far higher set, in aim, I trust,  
Symphonious to this humble prelude *here*.

Has not the muse asserted pleasures pure,  
Like those above, exploding other joys?  
Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo! fairly weigh;  
And tell me, Hast thou cause to triumph still?  
I think thou wilt forbear a boast so bold.  
But if beneath the favour of mistake,

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Thy smile's sincere; not more sincere can be  
 Lorenzo's smile, than my compassion for him.  
 The sick in body call for aid; the sick  
 In mind are covetous of more disease;  
 And when at worst, they dream themselves quite well.  
 To know ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.  
 When Nature's blush by custom is wip'd off,  
 And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,  
 Has into manners naturaliz'd our crimes;  
 The curse of curses is, our curse to love;  
 To triumph in the blackness of our guilt,  
 (As Indians glory in the deepest jet,)  
 And throw aside our senses with our peace.

But grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy;  
 Grant joy and glory, quite unfully'd, shone;  
 Yet still it ill deserves Lorenzo's heart.  
 No joy, no glory, glitters in thy sight,  
 But, thro' the thin partition of an hour,  
 I see its fables wove by Destiny;  
 And that in sorrow bury'd; this, in shame;  
 While howling furies ring the doleful knell;  
 And conscience, now so soft, thou scarce canst hear  
 Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal.

Where the prime actors of the last year's scene;  
 Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?  
 How many sleep, who kept the world awake  
 With lustre and with noise! Has Death proclaim'd  
 A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?  
 'Tis brandish'd still, nor shall the present year  
 Be more tenacious of her human leaf,  
 Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless monuments to wake the thought:  
 Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality;  
 Tho' in a style more florid, full as plain,  
 As Mausoleum's, pyramids, and tombs.  
 What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths  
 Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,  
 The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?

Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene;  
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

"Profess'd diversions! cannot these escape?"—

Far from it: these present us with a shroud;  
And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave.  
As some bold plunderers for bury'd wealth,  
We ransack tombs for pastime; from the dust  
Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread  
The scene for our amusement: how like gods  
We sit! and, wrapp'd in immortality,  
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;  
Their fate deploring, to forget our own.

What all the pomps, and triumphs, of our lives,  
But legacies in blossom? Our lean soil,  
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,  
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure?  
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;  
Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know  
Our present frailties, or approaching fate?

Lorenzo! such the glories of the world!  
What is the world itself? Thy world?—A grave!  
Where is the dust that has not been alive?  
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;  
From human mould we reap our daily bread.  
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,  
And is the cieling of her sleeping sons.  
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;  
Whole bury'd town's support the dancer's heel.  
The moist of human frame the sun exhales;  
Winds scatter, thro' the mighty void, the dry;  
Earth repossesses part of what she gave;  
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;  
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;  
As Nature, wide, our ruins spread: man's death  
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires,  
His tomb is mortal; empires die: Where, now,  
The Roman? Greek? they stalk, an empty name!

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Yet few regard them in this useful light;  
 Tho' half our learning is their epitaph.  
 When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight-thought,  
 That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,  
 O Death, I stretch my view; what visions rise!  
 What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!  
 In wither'd laurels, glide before my sight!  
 What length of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high  
 With human agitation, roll along  
 In unsubstantial images of air!  
 The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,  
 Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause,  
 With penitential aspect as they pass,  
 All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,  
 The wisdom of the wise, and prancings of the great.

But, O Lorenzo! far the rest above,  
 Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,  
 One forms assaults my sight, and chills my blood,  
 And shakes my frame. Of one departed world  
 I see the mighty shadow: oozy wreath  
 And dismal sea-weed crown her: o'er her urn  
 Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,  
 And bloated sons; and, weeping, prophesies  
 Another's dissolution, soon, in flames;  
 But, like Cassandra, prophesies in vain;  
 In vain, to many; not, I trust, to thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou loth to know,  
 The great decree, the counsel of the skies?  
 Deluge and conflagration, dreadful powers!  
 Prime ministers of vengeance! chain'd in caves  
 Distinct, apart the giant furies roar;  
 Apart; or such their horrid rage for ruin,  
 In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage  
 Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.  
 But not for this, ordain'd their boundless rage;  
 When Heav'n's inferior instruments of wrath,  
 War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak  
 To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,



These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,  
Swift and tempestous, from th' eternal throne  
With irresistible commission arm'd,  
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,  
And ease creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, Lorenzo! what depends on man?  
The fate of nature; as for man, her birth.  
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,  
And make creation groan with human guilt.  
How must it groan, in a new deluge 'whelm'd,  
But not of waters! At the destin'd hour,  
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,  
See all the formidable sons of fire,  
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play  
Their various engines; all at once disgorge  
Their blazing magazines; and take, by storm,  
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period! when each mountain height  
Outburns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour  
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;  
Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives  
Her ploughshare o'er creation!—while aloft,  
More than astonishment! if more can be!  
Far other firmament than e'er was seen,  
Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!  
Stars animate, that govern these of fire;  
Far other sun!—a sun, O how unlike  
The Babe at Bethle'm! how unlike the Man  
That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet He it is;  
That Man of sorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!  
In grandeur terrible all heav'n descends!  
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.  
A swift archangel with his golden wing,  
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace  
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.  
And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,  
Full on the confines of our æther, flames.  
While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!

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Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,  
And storms sulphureous ; her voracious jaws  
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

Lorenzo! welcome to this scene ; the last  
In Nature's course ; the first in Wisdom's thought.  
This strikes, if aught can strike thee ; this awakes  
The most supine ; this snatches man from death.  
Rouse, rouse, Lorenzo! then, and follow me,  
Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,  
Loud calls my soul, and ardor wings her flight.  
I find my inspiration in my theme ;  
The grandeur of my subject is my muse.  
At midnight, when mankind is wrapt in peace,  
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams,  
'To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour.  
At midnight, 'tis presum'd, this pomp will burst  
From tenfold darkness ; sudden as the spark  
From smitten steel ; from nitrous grain, the blaze,  
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!  
The day is broke, which never more shall close!  
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!  
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!  
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!  
All Nature struggling in the pangs of death!  
Dost thou not hear her ? dost thou not deplore  
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?  
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone,  
On which we stood, Lorenzo! while thou may'st,  
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!  
Where? how? from whence? vain hope! it is too late!  
Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,  
When consternation turns the good man pale?  
Great day! for which all other days were made ;  
For which earth rose from chaos ; man from earth ;  
And an eternity, the date of gods,  
Descended on poor earth-created man!  
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!  
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish

Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;  
 And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.  
 At thought of thee!—and art thou absent, then?  
 Lorenzo! no; 'tis here;—it is begun;—  
 Already is begun the grand assize,  
 In thee, in all; deputed conscience scales  
 The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;  
 Forestalls; and, by forestalling, proves it sure.  
 Why on himself should man void judgment pass?  
 Is idle Nature laughing at her sons?  
 Who Conscience sent, her sentence will support,  
 And GOD above assert that GOD in man.

Thrice happy they! that enter now the court  
 Heav'n opens in their bosoms: but, how rare!  
 Ah me! that magnanimity how rare!  
 What hero, like the man who stands himself?  
 Who dares to meet his naked heart alone?  
 Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,  
 Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?  
 The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.  
 (Art thou a coward? no :) the coward flies;  
 Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to know;  
 Asks, "What is Truth?" with Pilate; and retires;  
 Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng;  
 Asylum sad! from reason, hope, and heav'n!

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,  
 For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?  
 O day of consummation! mark supreme  
 (If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,  
 Or in the sight of angels, or their KING!  
 Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er her height,  
 Order o'er order rising, blaze o'er blaze,  
 As in a theatre, surround this scene,  
 Intent on man, and anxious for his fate,  
 Angels look out for thee; for thee, their LORD,  
 To vindicate his glory; and for thee,  
 Creation universal calls aloud,  
 To dis-involve the moral world, and give

40 THE CONSOLATION:

To Nature's renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,  
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?  
I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!  
All Nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!  
All Deities, like summer's swarms, on wing!  
All basking in the full meridian blaze!  
I see the JUDGE enthron'd! the flaming guard!  
The volume open'd! open'd every heart!  
A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!  
No patron! intercessor none! now past  
The sweet, the element, mediatorial hour!  
For guilt no plea! to pain no pause! no bound!  
Inexorable all! and all, extreme!

Nor man alone; the foe of GOD and man,  
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,  
And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd;  
Receives his sentence, and begins his hell.  
All vengeance past, now, seems abundant grace:  
Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll  
His baleful eyes! he curses whom he dreads;  
And deems it the first moment of his fall.

'Tis present to my thought!—and yet where is it?  
Angels can't tell me; angels cannot guess  
The period; from created beings lock'd  
In darkness. But the process, and the place,  
Are less obscure; for these may man inquire.  
Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears!  
Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!  
Great end! and great beginning! say, where art thou?  
Art thou in time, or in eternity?  
Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee.  
These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,  
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)  
As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd  
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,  
Of HIM, whom both their monarchies obey.  
Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd

With him to fall) now bursting o'er his head ;  
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd ; from beneath  
The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons  
From their long slumber; from earth's heaving womb,  
To second birth ; contemporary throng!  
Rous'd at one call, upstarting from one bed,  
Press'd in one crowd, appal'd with one amaze,  
He turns them o'er, Eternity! to thee.  
Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)  
He falls on his own scythe ; nor falls alone ;  
His greatest foe falls with him ; Time, and he  
Who murder'd all Time's offspring, Death, expire.

Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!  
Awful Eternity! offended queen!  
And her resentment to mankind, how just!  
With kind intent soliciting access,  
How often has she knock'd at human hearts!  
Rich to repay their hospitality,  
How often call'd! and with the voice of God!  
Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat ;  
A dream! while foulest foes found welcome there!  
A dream, a cheat, now, all things, but her smile.  
For, lo! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,  
As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,  
With banners streaming as the comet's blaze,  
And clarions louder than the deep in storms,  
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,  
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and pow'rs,  
Of light, and darkness ; in a middle field!  
Wide, as Creation! populous, as wide!  
A neutral region! there to mark th' event  
Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes  
Detain'd them close spectators, thro' a length  
Of ages, ripening to this grand result ;  
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God ;  
Who now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates  
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

Eternity, the various sentence past,



## 52 THE CONSOLATION:

Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,  
 Sulphureous, or ambrosial: what ensues?  
 The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!  
 Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of Heav'n.  
 The goddess, with determin'd aspect, turns  
 Her adamantine key's enormous size  
 Thro' Destiny's inextricable wards,  
 Deep-driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates.  
 Then from the crystal battlements of Heav'n  
 Down, down, she hurls it thro' the dark profound,  
 Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,  
 And ne'er unlock her resolution more.  
 The deep resounds; and hell, thro' all her glooms,  
 Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

O how unlike the chorus of the skies!  
 O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake  
 The whole Etherial! how the concave rings!  
 Nor strange! when deities their voice exalt;  
 And louder far than when Creation rose,  
 To see Creation's godlike aim and end  
 So well accomplish'd! so divinely clos'd!  
 To see the mighty Dramatist's last act  
 (As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.  
 No fancy'd GOD, a GOD indeed, descends  
 'To solve all knots; to strike the moral home;  
 To throw full day on darkest scenes of Time;  
 To clear, commend, exalt, and crown, the whole.  
 Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,  
 The charm'd spectators thunder their applause;  
 And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.

WHAT THEN AM I?—

Amidst applauding worlds,  
 And worlds celestial, is there found on earth,  
 A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,  
 Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains?  
 Censure on thee, Lorenzo! I suspend,  
 And turn it on myself; how greatly due!  
 All, all, is right, by GOD ordain'd, or done;

And who, but God, resum'd the friends He gave?  
And have I been complaining, then, so long?  
Complaining of his favours; Pain, and Death?  
Who, without Pain's advice, would e'er be good?  
Who, without Death, but would be good in vain?  
Pain is to save from Pain; all punishment,  
To make for Peace; and death to save from Death:  
And second death, to guard immortal life;  
To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,  
And turn the tide of souls another way;  
By the same tendernefs divine ordain'd,  
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man  
A fairer Eden, endless, in the skies.

Heav'n gives us friends, to bless the present scene;  
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.  
All evils natural are moral goods;  
All discipline, indulgence on the whole.  
None are unhappy; all have cause to smile,  
But such as to themselves that cause deny.  
Our faults are at the bottom of our pains;  
Error, in act or judgment, is the source  
Of endless sighs: we sin, or we mistake,  
And Nature tax, when false Opinion stings.  
Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd;  
But chiefly then, when grief puts in her claim.  
Joy from the joyous, frequently betrays,  
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in wo.  
Joy, amidst ills, corroborates, exalts;  
'Tis joy, and conquest; joy, and virtue too.  
A noble fortitude in ills delights  
Heav'n, earth, ourselves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.  
Affliction is the good man's shining scene;  
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;  
As Night to stars, Wo lustre gives to man.  
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,  
And virtue in calamities, admire.  
The crown of manhood is a winter joy;  
An ever-green, that stands the Northern blast,

34 THE CONSOLATION:

And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.

'Tis a prime part of happiness, to know  
How much unhappiness must prove our lot ;  
A part which few possess ! I'll pay life's tax,  
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,  
Nor think it misery to be a man ;  
Who thinks it is, shall never be a God.  
Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live. [lost!]

What spoke proud Passion ?—" \* With my being  
Presumptuous ! blasphemous ! absurd ! and false !  
The triumph of my soul is,—that I am,  
And therefore that I may be—what ? Lorenzo !  
Look inward, and look deep ; and deeper still ;  
Unfathomably deep our treasure runs  
In golden veins, thro' all eternity !  
Ages, and ages, and succeeding still  
New ages, where this phantom of an hour,  
Which courts, each night, dull slumber for repair,  
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,  
And fly thro' infinite ; and all unlock ;  
And (if deserv'd) by Heav'n's redundant love,  
Made half-adorable itself, adore ;  
And find, in adoration, endless joy !  
Where thou, not master of a moment here,  
Frail as the flow'r, and fleeting as the gale,  
May'st boast a whole eternity, enrich'd  
With all a kind Omnipotence can pour.  
Since Adam fell, no mortal, un-inspir'd,  
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,  
How kind is God, how great (if good) is man.  
No man too largely from Heav'n's love can hope,  
If what is hop'd he labours to secure.

Ills ?—there are none : All-gracious ! none from thee :  
From man full many ! num'rous is the race  
Of blackest ills, and those immortal too,  
Begot by Madness on fair Liberty ;  
Heav'n's daughter, hell-debauch'd ! her hand alone  
Unlocks destruction to the sons of men,

\* Referring to Night the First.

Fast barr'd by thine ; high-wall'd with adamant,  
Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,  
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law ;  
Whose threats are mercies, whose injunctions guides,  
Assisting, not restraining, Reason's choice ;  
Whose sanctions, unavoidable results  
From Nature's course, indulgently reveal'd ;  
If unreveal'd, more dang'rous, not less sure.  
Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,  
" Do this ; fly that ;"—nor always tells the cause ;  
Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,  
A conduct needful to their own repose.

Great GOD of wonders ! (if, thy love survey'd,  
Aught else the name of wonderful retains)  
What rocks are these, on which to build our trust ?  
Thy ways admit no blemish ; none I find ;  
Or this alone—" that none is to be found."  
Not one, to soften Censure's hardy crime ;  
Not one, to palliate peevish Grief's COMPLAINT,  
Who, like a dæmon, murm'ring from the dust,  
Dares into judgment call her Judge.—SUPREME !  
For all I bless thee ; most, for the severe ;  
\* Her death—my own at hand—the fiery gulph,  
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent !  
It thunders ;—but it thunders to preserve ;  
It strengthens what it strikes ; its wholesome dread  
Averts the dreaded pain ; its hideous groans  
Join Heav'n's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,  
Great Source of good alone ! how kind in all !  
In vengeance, kind ! Pain, Death, Gehenna, SAVE .

Thus, in thy world Material, Mighty mind !  
Not that alone which solaces, and shines,  
The rough and gloomy, challenges our praise.  
The winter is as needful as the spring ;  
The thunder, as the sun ; a stagnant mass  
Of vapours breeds a pestilential air ;  
Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze  
To Nature's health, than purifying storms ;

\* LUCIA.

56 THE CONSOLATION:

The dread Volcano ministers to good.  
 Its smother'd flames might undermine the world.  
 Loud Ætnas fulminate in love to man;  
 Comets good omens are, when duly scann'd;  
 And, in their use, eclipses learn to shine.  
 Man is responsible for ills receiv'd;  
 Those we call wretched are a chosen band,  
 Compell'd to refuge in the right, for peace.  
 Amidst thy list of blessings infinite,  
 Stand this the foremost, "That my heart has bled."  
 'Tis Heav'n's last effort of good-will to man;  
 When pain can't bless, Heav'n quits us in despair.  
 Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,  
 Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest;  
 Inhuman, or effeminate his heart:  
 Reason absolves the grief, which reason ends.  
 May Heav'n ne'er trust my friend with happiness,  
 Till it has taught him how to bear it well,  
 By previous pain; and make it safe to smile!  
 Such smiles are mine, and such may they remain;  
 Nor hazard their extinction, from excess.  
 My change of heart a change of style demands;  
 The CONSOLATION cancels the COMPLAINT,  
 And makes a convert of my guilty song.

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,  
 A panting traveller, some rising ground,  
 Some small ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round,  
 And measures with his eye the various vale,  
 The fields, woods, meads, and rivers he has past;  
 And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home,  
 Endear'd by distance, nor affects more toil;  
 Thus I, though small indeed is that ascent  
 The muse has gain'd, review the paths she trod;  
 Various, extensive, beaten but by few;  
 And conscious of her prudence in repose,  
 Pause; and with pleasure meditate an end,  
 Though still remote; so fruitful is my theme.  
 Through many a field of moral, and divine,



The muse has stray'd; and much of sorrow seen  
In human ways; and much of false and vain;  
Which none, who travel this bad road, can miss.  
O'er friends deceas'd full heartily she wept;  
Of love divine the wonders she display'd;  
Prov'd man immortal; shew'd the source of joy;  
The grand tribunal rais'd; assign'd the bounds  
Of human grief: in few, to close the whole,  
The moral muse has shadow'd out a sketch,  
Tho' not in form, nor with a Raphael stroke,  
Of most our weakness needs believe, or do,  
In this our land of travel, and of hope,  
For peace on earth, or prospect of the skies.

What then remains?—Much, much! a mighty debt  
To be discharg'd: These thoughts, ONight! are thine;  
From thee they came, like lovers secret sighs,  
While others slept. So, Cynthia (poets feign)  
In shadows veil'd, soft-sliding from her sphere,  
Her shepherd cheer'd; of her enamour'd less,  
Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,  
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?  
Immortal Silence!—Where shall I begin?  
Where end? or how steal music from the spheres,  
To soothe their goddesses?

O majestic Night!

Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder-born!  
And fated to survive the transient sun!  
By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe!  
A starry crown thy raven-brow adorns,  
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heav'n's loom  
Wrought thro' varieties of shape and shade,  
In ample folds of drapery divine,  
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heav'n throughout,  
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.  
Thy gloomy grandeurs (Nature's most august,  
Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse;  
And, like a fable curtain starr'd with gold,  
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

58 THE CONSOLATION:

And what, O Man! so worthy to be sung?  
 What more prepares us for the songs of heav'n!  
 Creation, of archangels is the theme!  
 What, to be sung, so needful? what so well  
 Celestial joys prepares us to sustain?  
 The soul of man, HIS face design'd to see,  
 Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,  
 Has here a previous scene of objects great,  
 On which to dwell; to stretch to that expanse  
 Of thought, to rise to that exalted height  
 Of admiration, to contract that awe,  
 And give her whole capacities that strength,  
 Which best may qualify for final joy.  
 The more our spirits are enlarg'd on earth,  
 The deeper draught shall they receive of heav'n.

Heav'n's King! whose face unveil'd consummates  
 bliss;

Redundant bliss! which fills that mighty void,  
 The whole creation leaves in human hearts!  
 Thou who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,  
 Wrapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,  
 And set his harp in concert with the spheres!  
 While of thy works material the Supreme  
 I dare attempt, assist my daring song.  
 Loose me from earth's inclosure, from the sun's  
 Contracted circle set my heart at large;  
 Eliminate my spirit, give it range  
 Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;  
 Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,  
 Creation's golden steps, to climb to Thee.  
 Teach me with art great Nature to controul,  
 And spread a lustre o'er the shades of night.  
 Feel I thy kind assent? and shall the sun  
 Be seen at midnight, rising in my song? [heart,  
 Lorenzo! come; and warm thee: thou, whose  
 Whose little heart, is moor'd within a nook  
 Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh.  
 Another ocean calls, a nobler port;

I am thy pilot, I thy prosperous gale.  
Gainful thy voyage through you azure main ;  
Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore ;  
And whence thou may'st import eternal wealth ;  
And leave to beggar'd minds the pearl and gold.  
Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms ?  
Thou stranger to the world ! thy tour begin ;  
Thy tour through Nature's universal orb.  
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,  
On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres ;  
And man how purblind, if unknown the whole ?  
Who circles spacious earth, then travels here,  
Shall own, he never was from home before !  
Come, my Prometheus \*, from thy pointed rock  
Of false ambition if unchain'd, we'll mount ;  
We'll, innocently, steal celestial fire,  
And kindle our devotion at the stars ;  
A theft that shall not chain, but set thee free.  
Above our atmosphere's intestine wars,  
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail ;  
Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,  
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge  
That forms the crooked lightning ; 'bove the caves  
Where infant-tempests wait their growing wings,  
And tune their tender voices to that roar,  
Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world ;  
Above misconstru'd omens of the sky,  
Far-travel'd comets' calculated blaze ;  
E lance thy thought, and think of more than man.  
Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,  
Blighted by blasts of earth's unwholesome air,  
Will blossom here ; spread all her faculties  
To these bright ardors ; ev'ry pow'r unfold,  
And rise into sublimities of thought.  
Stars teach, as well as shine. At Nature's birth,  
Thus, their commission ran—" Be kind to man."  
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller !  
The stars will light thee ; tho' the moon should fail.

\* Night the Eighth.

60 THE CONSOLATION:

Where art thou, more benighted! more astray!  
In ways immoral? The stars call thee back;  
And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.

This prospect vast, what is it?—Weigh'd aright,  
'Tis Nature's system of divinity,  
And ev'ry student of the night inspires.  
'Tis elder scripture, writ by God's own hand;  
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.  
Lorenzo! with my radius (the rich gift  
Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee  
Its various lessons; some that may surprise  
An un-adept in mysteries of night;  
Little, perhaps, expected in her school,  
Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.  
Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters, here we feign;  
Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here  
Exists indeed;—a lecture to mankind.

What read we here?—th' existence of a GOD?—  
Yes; and of other beings, man above;  
Natives of ether! sons of higher climes!  
And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,  
Eternity is written in the skies.  
And whose eternity?—Lorenzo! thine;  
Mankind's eternity. Nor faith alone,  
Virtue grows here; here springs the sov'reign cure  
Of almost ev'ry vice; but chiefly thine;  
Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure desire.

Lorenzo! thou canst wake at midnight too,  
Tho' not on morals bent: ambition, pleasure!  
Those tyrants I for thee so lately fought\*,  
Afford their harrafs'd slaves but slender rest.  
Thou, to whom midnight is immoral noon,  
And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day;  
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,  
Commencing one of our Antipodes!  
In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,  
'Twixt stage and stage of riot and cabal;  
And lift thine eye, (if bold an eye to lift,

\* Night the Eighth.

If bold, to meet the face of injur'd Heav'n),  
To yonder stars: for other ends they shine,  
Than to light travellers from shame to shame,  
And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.

Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,  
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,  
Which set the living firmament on fire,  
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm  
Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,  
Rushes Omnipotence?—to curb our pride;  
Our reason rouse, and lead it to that Pow'r,  
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light;  
To draw up man's ambition to himself,  
And bind our chaste affections to his throne.  
Thus the three virtues least alive on earth,  
And welcom'd on heav'n's coast with most applause,  
An humble, pure, and heav'nly-minded heart,  
Are here inspir'd:—and canst thou gaze too long?

Nor stands thy wrath depriv'd of its reproof,  
Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.  
The planets of each system represent  
Kind neighbours! mutual amity prevails;  
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;  
Enlightning, and enlighten'd! all, at once,  
Attracting, and attracted! patriot-like,  
None sins against the welfare of the whole;  
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,  
Affords an emblem of millennial love.  
Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,  
Was e'er created solely for itself:  
Thus man his sov'reign duty learns in this  
Material picture of benevolence.

And know, of all our supercilious race,  
Thou most inflammable! thou wasp of man!  
Man's angry heart, inspected, would be found  
As rightly set, as are the starry spheres;  
'Tis Nature's structure, broke by stubborn will,  
Breeds all that un-celestial discord there.



## 52 THE CONSOLATION:

Wilt thou not feel the bias Nature gave?  
 Canst thou descend from converse with the skies,  
 And seize thy brother's throat?—for what?—a clod,  
 An inch of earth? The planets cry, “Forbear:”  
 They chace our double darkness; Nature's gloom,  
 And (kinder still!) our intellectual night.

And see, Day's amiable sister sends  
 Her invitation, in the softest rays  
 Of mitigated lustre; courts thy sight,  
 Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.  
 Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,  
 Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;  
 With gain, and joy, she bribes thee to be wise.  
 Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,  
 Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,  
 And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;  
 While light peeps thro' the darkness, like a spy;  
 And darkness shews its grandeur by the light.  
 Nor is the profit greater than the joy,  
 If human hearts at glorious objects glow,  
 And admiration can inspire delight.

What speak I more, than I, this moment, feel?  
 With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck,  
 (Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wise!)  
 Then into transport starting from her trance,  
 With love and admiration how she glows!  
 This gorgeous apparatus! this display!  
 This ostentation of creative power!  
 This theatre!—what eye can take it in?  
 By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,  
 For minds of the first magnitude to launch  
 In endless speculation, and adore?  
 Our sun by day, by night ten thousand shine;  
 And light us deep into the DEITY;  
 How boundless in magnificence and might!  
 O what a confluence of etherial fires,  
 From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of heav'n,  
 Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!

Nor tarries there; I feel it at my heart.  
My heart at once it humbles, and exalts;  
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.  
Who sees it unexalted, or unaw'd?  
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?  
Material offspring of Omnipotence!  
Inanimate, all-animating birth!  
Work worthy Him who made it! worthy praise!  
All praise! praise more than human! nor deny'd  
Thy praise divine!—But tho' man, drown'd in sleep,  
With-holds his homage, not alone I wake:  
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard  
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,  
In this his universal temple, hung  
With lustres, with innumerable lights,  
That shed religion on the soul; at once,  
The temple, and the preacher. O how loud  
It calls devotion! genuine growth of Night!

Devotion! daughter of astronomy!  
An undevout astronomer is mad.  
True; all things speak a GOD; but in the small,  
Men trace him out; in great, he seizes man;  
Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills  
With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.  
Tell me, ye stars! ye planets! tell me, all  
Ye starr'd and planeted inhabitants! what is it?  
What are these sons of wonder? Say, proud arch!  
(Within whose azure palaces they dwell)  
Built with divine ambition! in disdain  
Of limit built! built in the taste of Heav'n!  
Vast concave! ample dome! wast thou design'd  
A meet apartment for the DEITY?—  
Not so; that thought alone thy state impairs,  
Thy lofty sinks, and shallows thy profound,  
And straitens thy diffusive; dwarfs the whole,  
And makes an universe an orrery.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,  
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd,

## 64 THE CONSOLATION:

O Nature! wide flies off th' expanding round.  
 As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,  
 The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow;  
 The vast dislosion dissipates the clouds;  
 Shock'd ether's billows dash the distant skies;  
 Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,  
 And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,  
 Might teem with new creation; re-inflam'd  
 Thy luminaries triumph, and assume  
 Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,  
 Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp,  
 Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods,  
 From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in sense;  
 For, sure, to sense, they truly are divine,  
 And half absolv'd idolatry from guilt;  
 Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it was  
 In those, who put forth all they had of man  
 Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;  
 But, weak of wing, on planets perch'd; and thought  
 What was their highest, must be their ador'd.

But they how weak, who could no higher mount!  
 And are there, then, Lorenzo! those, to whom  
 Unseen, and unexistent, are the same?  
 And if incomprehensible is join'd,  
 Who dare pronounce it madness to believe?  
 Why has the mighty BUILDER thrown aside  
 All measure in his work; stretch'd out his line  
 So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole?  
 Then (as he took delight in wide extremes)  
 Deep in the bosom of the universe,  
 Dropp'd down that reasoning mite, that insect, man,  
 To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene?—  
 That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement  
 For disbelief of wonders in himself.  
 Shall God be less miraculous, than what  
 His hand has form'd? shall mysteries descend  
 From un-mysterious? things more elevate,  
 Be more familiar? uncreated ly

More obvious than created, to the grasp  
Of human thought? the more of wonderful  
Is heard in him, the more we should assent.  
Could we conceive him, GOD he could not be  
Or he not GOD, or we could not be men.  
A GOD alone can comprehend a GOD;  
Man's distance how immense! On such a theme,  
Know this, Lorenzo! (seem it ne'er so strange),  
Nothing can satisfy, but what confounds;  
Nothing but what astonishes is true.  
The scenes thou seest attests the truth I sing,  
And ev'ry star sheds light upon thy creed.  
These stars, this furniture, this coast of heav'n,  
If but reported, thou hadst ne'er believ'd;  
But thine eyes tell thee, the romance is true.  
The grand of Nature is th' Almighty's oath,  
In Reason's court, to silence Unbelief.  
How my mind, op'ning at this scene, imbibes  
The moral emanations of the skies,  
While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo less admires!  
Has the great Sov'reign sent ten thousand worlds  
To tell us, He resides above them all,  
In glory's unapproachable recess?  
And dare earth's bold inhabitants deny  
The sumptuous, the magnific embassy  
A moment's audience? Turn we, nor will hear  
From whom they come, or what they would impart  
For man's emolument; sole cause that stoops  
Their grandeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouse;  
Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,  
And glance from east to west, from pole to pole.  
Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?  
Renounces Reason, or a GOD adores?  
Mankind was sent into the world to see;  
Sight gives the science needful to their peace;  
That obvious science asks small learning's aid.  
Wouldst thou on metaphysic-pinions soar?  
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?

# 66 THE CONSOLATION:

Or travel history's enormous round?  
 Nature no such hard task enjoins: she gave  
 A make to man directive of his thought;  
 A make set upright, pointing to the stars,  
 As who shall say, "Read thy chief lesson there."  
 Too late to read this manuscript of heav'n,  
 When, like a parchment-scroll, shrunk up by flames,  
 It folds Lorenzo's lesson from his sight.

Lesson how various! Not the God alone,  
 I see his ministers; I see, diffus'd  
 In radiant orders, essences sublime,  
 Of various offices, of various plume,  
 In heav'nly liveries distinctly clad,  
 Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,  
 Or all commix'd; they stand, with wings outspread,  
 List'ning to catch the Master's least command,  
 And fly thro' Nature, ere the moment ends;  
 Numbers innumerable!—Well conceiv'd  
 By Pagan, and by Christian! o'er each sphere  
 Presides an angel, to direct its course,  
 And feed or fan its flames; or to discharge  
 Other high trusts unknown. For who can see  
 Such pomp of matter, and imagine Mind,  
 For which alone Inanimate was made,  
 More sparingly dispens'd? that nobler son,  
 Far liker the great Sire!—'Tis thus the skies  
 Inform us of superiors numberless,  
 As much, in excellence, above mankind,  
 As above earth, in magnitude, the spheres.  
 These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us;  
 In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;  
 Perhaps a thousand demigods descend  
 On ev'ry beam we see, to walk with men.  
 Awful reflection! strong restraint from ill!

Yet here our virtue finds still stronger aid  
 From these ethereal glories sense surveys.  
 Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault;  
 With just attention is it view'd? we feel



A sudden succour, un-implor'd, unthought ;  
Nature herself does half the work of man.  
Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,  
The promontory's height, the depth profound  
Of subterranean, excavated grots,  
Black-brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide  
From Nature's structure, or the scoop of Time ;  
If ample of dimension, vast of size,  
Ev'n these an aggrandizing impulse give ;  
Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights  
Ev'n these infuse.—But what of vast in these ?  
Nothing ;—or we must own the skies forgot.  
Much less in art.—Vain Art ! thou pigmy pow'r !  
How dost thou swell, and strut, with human pride,  
To shew thy littleness ! what childish toys,  
Thy wat'ry columns squirted to the clouds !  
Thy basin'd rivers, and imprison'd seas !  
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men !  
Thy hundred-gated capitals ! or those  
Where three days travel left us much to ride ;  
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,  
Arches triumphal, theatres immense,  
Or nodding gardens pendent in mid-air !  
Or temples proud to meet their gods half-way !  
Yet these affect us in no common kind.  
What then the force of such superior scenes !  
Enter a temple, it will strike an awe :  
What awe from this the DEITY has built !  
A good man seen, tho' silent, counsel gives :  
The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise ;  
In a bright mirror his own hands have made,  
Here we see something like the face of God.  
Seems it not then enough to say, Lorenzo !  
To man abandon'd, " Hast thou seen the skies ?"  
And yet, so thwarted Nature's kind design  
By daring man, he makes her sacred awe  
(That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation  
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts

## 68 THE CONSOLATION:

Celestial Art's intent. The trembling stars  
 See crimes gigantic, stalking thro' the gloom  
 With front erect, that hide their head by day,  
 And making night still darker by their deeds.  
 Slumb'ring in covert till the shades descend,  
 Rapine, and Murder, link'd, now prowl for prey.  
 The miser earths his treasure; and the thief,  
 Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.  
 Now Plots, and foul Conspiracies, awake;  
 And muffling up their horrors from the moon,  
 Havoc and devastation they prepare,  
 And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood.  
 Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.  
 What shall I do?—suppress it? or proclaim?—  
 Why sleeps the thunder? now, Lorenzo! now,  
 His best friend's couch the rank adulterer  
 Ascends secure; and laughs at gods and men.  
 Preposterous madmen, void of fear or shame,  
 Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of heav'n;  
 Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight.  
 Were moon, and stars, for villains only made?  
 To guide, yet screen them, with tenebrious light?  
 No; they were made to fashion the sublime  
 Of human hearts, and wiser make the wise.

These ends were answer'd once; when mortals liv'd  
 Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent,  
 In theory sublime. O how unlike  
 Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,  
 Who crawl on earth, and on her venom feed!  
 Those ancient sages, human stars! they met  
 Their brothers of the skies, at midnight hour;  
 Their counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, obey'd.  
 The Stagyrite, and Plato, he who drank  
 The poison'd bowl, and he of Tusculum,  
 With him of Corduba, (immortal names!)  
 In these unbounded and Elysian walks,  
 An area fit for gods, and godlike men,  
 They took their pightly round, thro' radiant paths.

By Seraphs trod ; instructed, chiefly, thus,  
To tread in their bright footsteps here below ;  
To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.  
There they contracted their contempt of earth ;  
Of hopes eternal kindled, there, the fire ;  
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew  
(Great visitants!) more intimate with GOD,  
More worth to men, more joyous to themselves.  
Thro' various virtues, they, with ardor, ran  
The zodiac of their learn'd, illustrious lives.

In Christian hearts, O for a Pagan zeal!  
A needful, but opprobrious pray'r! as much  
Our ardor less, as greater is our light.  
How monstrous this in morals! scarce more strange  
Would this phenomenon in nature strike,  
A sun that froze us, or a star that warm'd.

What taught these heroes of the moral world?  
To these thou giv'st thy praise, give credit too.  
These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee ;  
And Pagan tutors are thy taste.—They taught,  
That narrow views betray to misery :  
That wise it is to comprehend the whole :  
That Virtue rose from Nature, ponder'd well,  
The single base of virtue built to heav'n :  
That GOD and Nature our attention claim :  
That Nature is the glass reflecting GOD,  
As, by the sea, reflected is the sun,  
Too glorious to be gaz'd on his sphere :  
That mind immortal loves immortal aims :  
That boundless mind affects a boundless space :  
That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,  
The soul assimilate, and make her great :  
That, therefore, heav'n her glories, as a fund  
Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.  
Such are their doctrines ; such the Night inspir'd.

And what more true? what truth of greater weight?  
The soul of man was made to walk the skies ;  
Delightful outlet of her prison here!

70 THE CONSOLATION :

There, disencumber'd from her chains, the ties  
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large;  
There freely can respire, dilate, extend,  
In full proportion let loose all her pow'rs,  
And, undeluded, grasp at something great.  
Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there;  
But, wonderful herself, thro' wonders strays;  
Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own;  
Dives deep in their oeconomy divine,  
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,  
And, like a master, judges not amiss.  
Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul  
Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes  
More life, more vigour, in her native air;  
And feels herself at home among the stars;  
And, feeling, emulates her country's praise.

What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo?  
As earth the body, since, the skies sustain  
The soul with food, that gives immortal life,  
Call it, The noble pasture of the mind;  
Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,  
And riots through the luxuries of thought.  
Call it, The garden of the DEITY,  
Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth  
Of fruit ambrosial; moral fruit to man.  
Call it, The breast-plate of the true High-priest,  
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,  
In points of highest moment, right response;  
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus have we found a true astrology;  
Thus have we found a new, a noble sense,  
In which alone stars govern human fates.  
O that the stars (as some have feign'd) let fall  
Bloodshed, and havoc, on embattled realms,  
And rescu'd monarchs from so black a guilt!  
Bourbon! this wish how gen'rous in a foe!  
Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a god,  
And stick thy deathless name among the stars,

For mighty conquests on a needles point?  
Instead of forging chains for foreigners,  
Bastile thy tutor: Grandeur all thy aim?  
As yet thou know'st not what it is: How great,  
How glorious, then, appears the mind of man,  
When in it all the stars, and planets, roll!  
And what it seems, it is: Great objects make  
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;  
Those still more godlike, as these more divine.

And more divine than these, thou cast not see.  
Dazzled, o'erpower'd, with the delicious draught  
Of miscellaneous splendors, how I reel  
From thought to thought, inebriate without end!  
An Eden, this! a paradise unlost!  
I meet the DEITY in ev'ry view,  
And tremble at my nakedness-before him!  
O that I could but reach the tree of life!  
For here it grows, unguarded from our taste;  
No flaming sword denies our entrance here;  
Would man but gather, he might live for ever.

Lorenzo! much of moral hast thou seen.  
Of curious arts art thou more fond? then mark  
The mathematic glories of the skies;  
In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.  
Lorenzo's boasted builders, Chance and Fate,  
Are left to finish his aerial towers:  
Wisdom, and Choice, their well-known characters  
Here deep impress; and claim it for their own.  
Tho' splendid all, no splendor void of use;  
Use rivals Beauty; Art contends with Pow'r;  
No wanton waste, amid effuse expence;  
The great Oeconomist adjusting all  
To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.  
How rich the prospect! and for ever new!  
And newest to the man that views it most;  
For newer still in infinite succeeds.  
Then, these aerial racers, O how swift!  
How the shaft loiters from the strongest string!



## 72 THE CONSOLATION:

Spirit alone can distance their career.  
 Orb above orb ascending without end!  
 Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd!  
 Wheel within wheel; Ezekiel! like to thine!  
 Like thine, it seems a vision, or a dream;  
 Tho' seen, we labour to believe it true!  
 What involution! what extent! what swarms  
 Of worlds, that laugh at earth! immensely great!  
 Immensely distant from each other's spheres!  
 What then the wondrous space thro' which they roll?  
 At once it quite ingulphs all human thought!  
 'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here;  
 Thro' this illustrious chaos to the sight,  
 Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.  
 The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,  
 Upbraids the lawless fallies of mankind.  
 Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;  
 What knots are ty'd! how soon are they dissolv'd,  
 And set the seeming marry'd planets free!  
 They rove for ever, without error rove;  
 Confusion unconfus'd! nor less admire  
 This tumult untumultuous; all on wing!  
 In motion, all! yet what profound repose!  
 What fervid action, yet no noise! as aw'd  
 To silence, by the presence of their LORD;  
 Or hush'd, by his command, in love to man,  
 And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,  
 Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,  
 In exultation to their GOD, and thine,  
 They dance, they sing eternal jubile,  
 Eternal celebration of his praise.  
 But, since their song arrives not at our ear,  
 Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the sight  
 Fair hieroglyphic of his peerless pow'r.  
 Mark, how the labyrinthian turns they take.  
 The circles intricate, and mystic maze,  
 Weave the grand cypher of Omnipotence;

To Gods, how great! how legible to man!

Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still?

Where are the pillars that support the skies?

What more than Atlantean shoulder props

Th' incumbent load? what magic, what strange art,

In fluid air these pond'rous orbs sustains?

Who would not think them hung in golden chains?—

And so they are; in the high will of Heav'n,

Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,

Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,

Or nought of all; if such the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn

The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad

And tow'ring Alps, all tost into the sea;

And, light as down, or volatile as air,

Their bulks enormous dancing on the waves,

In time, and measure, exquisite; while all

The winds, in emulation of the spheres,

Tune their sonorous instruments aloft,

The concert swell, and animate the ball.

Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds,

In a far thinner element sustain'd,

And acting the same part, with greater skill,

More rapid movement, and for noblest ends?

More obvious ends to pass, are not these stars

The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,

On which angelic delegates of Heav'n,

At certain periods, as the Sov'REIGN nods,

Discharge high trusts of vengeance, or of love,

To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand design,

And acts more solemn still more solemnize?

Ye citizens of air! what ardent thanks,

What full effusion of the grateful heart,

Is due from man indulg'd in such a sight!

A sight so noble! and a sight so kind!

It drops new truths at ev'ry new survey!

Feels not Lorenzo something stir within,

That sweeps away all period? As these spheres

## 74 THE CONSOLATION:

Measure duration, they no less inspire  
 The godlike hope of ages without end.  
 The boundless space, thro' which these rovers take  
 Their restless roam, suggests the sister-thought  
 Of boundless Time. Thus by kind Nature's skill,  
 To man unlabour'd, that important guest,  
 Eternity, finds entrance at the sight:  
 And an eternity, for man ordain'd,  
 Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors,  
 The stars, had never whisper'd it to man.  
 Nature informs, but ne'er insults, her sons.  
 Could she then kindle the most ardent wish  
 To disappoint it?—that is blasphemy.  
 Thus, of thy creed a second article,  
 Momentous, as th' existence of a God,  
 Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought;  
 And thou mayst read thy soul immortal, here.

Here, then, Lorenzo! on these glories dwell;  
 Nor want the gilt, illuminated, roof,  
 That calls the wretched gay to dark delights.  
 Assemblies?—this is one divinely bright!  
 Here, un-endanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,  
 Range thro' the fairest, and the Sultan scorn.  
 He, wise as thou, no crescent holds so fair,  
 As that which on his turban awes a world;  
 And thinks the Moon is proud to copy him.  
 Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,  
 A mind superior to the charms of Pow'r.  
 Thou muffled in delusions of this life!  
 Can yonder Moon turn Ocean in his bed,  
 From side to side, in constant ebb and flow,  
 And purify from stench his wat'ry realms?  
 And fails her moral influence? wants she power  
 To turn Lorenzo's stubborn tide of thought  
 From stagnating on Earth's infected shore,  
 And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart?  
 Fails her attraction when it draws to Heav'n?  
 Nay, and to what thou valu'st more, Earth's joy?

Minds elevate, and panting for unseen,  
And defecate from sense, alone obtain  
Full relish of existence un-deflower'd,  
The life of life, the zest of worldly bliss.  
'All else on earth amounts—to what? to this;  
“Bad to be suffer'd; blessings to be left?”  
Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.

Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.  
O let me gaze! of gazing there's no end.  
O let me think!—thought too is wilder'd here:  
In mid-way flight Imagination tires;  
Yet soon re-prunes her wing to soar anew,  
Her point unable to forbear, or gain;  
So great the pleasure, so profound the plan!  
A banquet, this, where men and angels meet,  
Eat the same manna, mingle Earth and Heav'n.  
How distant some of these nocturnal suns!  
So distant (says the sage) 'twere not absurd  
'To doubt, if beams, set out at Nature's birth,  
Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world;  
'Tho' nothing half so rapid as their flight.  
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,  
And roll for ever: who can satiate sight  
In such a scene? in such an ocean wide  
Of deep astonishment? where depth, height, breadth,  
Are lost in their extremes; and where to count  
The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,  
Perhaps a Seraph's computation fails.  
Now go, Ambition! boast thy boundless might  
In conquest—o'er the tenth part of a grain.

And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,  
To give his tott'ring faith a solid base.  
Why call for less than is already thine?  
Thou art no novice in theology;  
What is a miracle?—'tis a reproach,  
'Tis an implicit satire, on mankind;  
And while it satisfies, it censures too.  
To common sense, great Nature's course proclaims

## 76 THE CONSOLATION:

A Deity: when mankind falls asleep,  
 A miracle is sent, as an alarm,  
 To wake the world, and prove Him o'er again,  
 By recent argument, but not more strong.  
 Say, which imports more plenitude of pow'r,  
 Of Nature's laws to fix, or to repeal?  
 To make a fun, or stop his mid-career?  
 To countermand his orders, and send back  
 The flaming courier to the frightened East,  
 Warm'd and astonish'd at his ev'ning ray?  
 Or bid the Moon, as with her journey tir'd,  
 In Ajalon's soft flow'ry vale repose?  
 Great things are these; still greater to create.  
 From Adam's bow'r look down thro' the whole train  
 Of miracles;—resistless is their power?  
 They do not, can not, more amaze the mind,  
 Than this, call'd unmiraculous survey,  
 If duly weigh'd, if rationally seen,  
 If seen with human eyes. The brute, indeed,  
 Sees nought but spangles here; the fool, no more.  
 Say'st thou, "The course of Nature governs all?"  
 The course of Nature is the art of God.  
 The miracles thou call'st for, this attest;  
 For say, could Nature Nature's course controul?  
 But miracles apart, who sees Him not,  
 Nature's controul'er, Author, Guide, and End?  
 Who turns his eye on Nature's midnight-face,  
 But must inquire—"What hand behind the scene,  
 "What arm almighty, put these wheeling globes  
 "In motion, and wound up the vast machine?  
 "Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?  
 "Who boil'd them flaming through the dark profound,  
 "Num'rous as glitt'ring gems of morning-dew,  
 "Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,  
 "And set the bosom of old Night on fire;  
 "Peopled her desert, and made Horror smile?"  
 Or, if the military style delights thee,



(For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with man)  
 "Who marshals this bright host? enrolls their names?  
 "Appoints their posts, their marches, and returns,  
 "Punctual at stated periods? who disbands  
 "These vet'ran troops, their final duty done,  
 "If e'er disbanded:"—He, whose potent word,  
 Like the loud trumpet, levy'd first their pow'rs  
 In Night's inglorious empire, where they slept  
 In beds of darkness; arm'd them with fierce flames,  
 Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloth'd in gold;  
 And call'd them out of Chaos to the field,  
 Where now they war with Vice and Unbelief.  
 O let us join this army! joining these,  
 Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,  
 When brighter flames shall cut a darker night;  
 When these strong demonstrations of a God  
 Shall hide their heads, or tumble from the spheres,  
 And one eternal curtain cover all!

Struck at that thought, as new awak'd, I lift  
 A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars,  
 To man still more propitious; and their aid  
 (Tho' guiltless of idolatry) implore;  
 Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.  
 O ye dividers of my time! ye bright  
 Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,  
 In your fair kalendar distinctly mark'd!  
 Since that authentic, radiant register,  
 Tho' man inspects it not, stands good against him;  
 Since you, and years, roll on, tho' man stands still;  
 Teach me my days to number, and apply  
 My trembling heart to Wisdom; now beyond  
 All shadows of excuse for fooling on.  
 Age smoothes our path to prudence; sweeps aside  
 The snares keen Appetite and Passion spread  
 To catch stray souls; and wo to that grey head  
 Whose folly would undo what Age has done!  
 Aid then, aid, all ye stars!—much rather, Thou,  
 Great ARTIST! Thou, whose finger set aright:

78 THE CONSOLATION:

This exquisite machine, with all its wheels,  
 Tho' intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out  
 Life's rapid and irrevocable flight,  
 With such an index fair, as none can miss,  
 Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd.  
 Open mine eye, dread DEITY! to read  
 The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see  
 Things as they are, unalter'd thro' the glass  
 Of worldly wishes. Time! Eternity!  
 ('Tis these, mis-measur'd, ruin all mankind)  
 Set them before me; let me lay them both  
 In equal scale, and learn their various weight.  
 Let time appear a moment, as it is;  
 And let eternity's full orb, at once,  
 Turn on my soul, and strike it into Heav'n.  
 When shall I see far more than charms me now?  
 Gaze on Creation's model in thy breast  
 Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more?  
 When this vile, foreign, dust, which smothers all  
 That travel Earth's deep vale, shall I shake off?  
 When shall my soul her incarnation quit,  
 And, re-adopted to thy blest embrace,  
 Obtain her apotheosis in Thee?

Dost think, Lorenzo! this is wand'ring wide?  
 No, 'tis directly striking at the mark;  
 To wake thy dead devotion \* was my point;  
 And how I bless Night's consecrating shades,  
 Which to a temple turn an universe;  
 Fill us with great ideas, full of heav'n,  
 And antidote the pestilential earth!  
 In ev'ry storm, that either frowns, or falls,  
 What an asylum has the soul in pray'r!  
 And what a fane is this, in which to pray!  
 And what a GOD must dwell in such a fane!  
 O what a genius must inform the skies!  
 And is Lorenzo's salamander heart,  
 Cold, and untouch'd, amidst these sacred fires!  
 O ye nocturnal sparks! ye glowing embers,

On heav'n's broad hearth! who burn, or burn no more,

Who blaze, or die, as great JEHOVAH's breath  
Or blows you, or forbears! assist my song;  
Pour your whole influence; exorcise his heart,  
So long possess'd; and bring him back to man.

And is Lorenzo a demurrer still?

Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest  
Truths, which, contested, puts thy parts to shame.  
Nor shame they more Lorenzo's head than heart.  
A faithless heart, how despicably small!  
Too streight, aught great, or gen'rous, to receive!  
Fill'd with an atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with Self!  
And Self mistaken! Self. that lasts an hour!  
Instincts and passions, of the nobler kind,  
Lie suffocated there; or they alone,  
Reason apart, would wake high hope; and open,  
To ravish'd thought, that intellectual sphere,  
Where Order, Wisdom, Goodness, Providence,  
Their endless miracles of love display,  
And promise all the truly great desire.  
The mind that would be happy, must be great;  
Great, in its wishes; great, in its surveys.  
Extended views a narrow mind extend;  
Push out its corrugate, expansive make,  
Which, ere-long, more than planets shall embrace.  
A man of compass makes a man of worth;  
Divine contemplate, and become divine.

As man was made for glory and for bliss,  
All littleness is in approach to wo;  
Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,  
And let in manhood; let in happiness;  
Admit the boundless theatre of thought  
From nothing, up to God; which makes a man.  
Take God from Nature, nothing great is left;  
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees;  
Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.  
Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;

80 THE CONSOLATION:

See thy distress! how close thou art besieg'd!  
 Besieg'd by Nature, the proud sceptic's foe!  
 Inclos'd by these innumerable worlds,  
 Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,  
 As in a golden net of Providence,  
 How art thou caught, sure captive of belief!  
 From this thy blest captivity, what art,  
 What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free!  
 This scene is Heav'n's indulgent violence:  
 Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory?  
 What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,  
 But faith in God impos'd and press'd on man?  
 Dar'st thou still litigate thy desperate cause,  
 Spite of these num'rous, awful witnesses,  
 And doubt the deposition of the skies?  
 O how laborious is thy way to ruin!

Laborious? 'tis impracticable quite;  
 To sink beyond a doubt, in this debate,  
 With all his weight of wisdom, and of will,  
 And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.  
 Some wish they did, but no man disbelieves.  
 God is a spirit; spirit cannot strike  
 These gross, material organs; God by man  
 As much is seen, as man a God can see.  
 In these astonishing exploits of pow'r,  
 What order, beauty, motion, distance, size!  
 Concertion of design, how exquisite!  
 How complicate in their divine police!  
 Apt means! great ends! consent to gen'ral good!—  
 Each attribute of these material gods,  
 So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,  
 A sep'rate conquest gains o'er rebel thought;  
 And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

Lorenzo! this may seem harangue to thee:  
 Such all is apt to seem that thwarts our will.  
 And dost thou, then, demand a simple proof  
 Of this great master-moral of the skies,  
 Unskill'd, or dis-inclin'd, to read it there?

Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,  
 Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.  
 Such proof insists on an attentive ear;  
 'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,  
 And for thy notice struggle with the world.  
 Retire;—the world shut out;—thy thoughts call  
 home;—

Imagination's airy wing repress;—  
 Lock up thy senses;—let no passion stir;—  
 Wake all to Reason;—let her reign alone;—  
 Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth  
 Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,  
 As I have done, and shall inquire no more.  
 In nature's channel, thus the questions run.

“ What am I? and from whence?—I nothing  
 know

“ But that I am; and, since I am, conclude  
 “ Something eternal: had there ere been nought,  
 “ Nought still had been: eternal there must be.—  
 “ But what eternal?—why not human race?  
 “ And Adam's ancestors without an end?—  
 “ That's hard to be conceiv'd; since ev'ry link  
 “ Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail;  
 “ Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole?  
 “ Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;  
 “ I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.  
 “ Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—eternal  
 too?—

“ Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs  
 “ Would want some other father;—much design  
 “ Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;  
 “ Design implies intelligence, and art:  
 “ That can't be from themselves—or man; that art  
 “ Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?  
 “ And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man.—  
 “ Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,  
 “ Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight?  
 “ Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume



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" Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?  
 " Has matter innate motion? then each atom,  
 " Asserting its indisputable right  
 " To dance, would form an universe of dust;  
 " Has matter none? then whence these glorious  
     forms,  
 " And boundless flights, from shapeless, and repos'd?  
 " Has matter more than motion? has it thought,  
 " Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd  
 " In mathematics? has it fram'd such laws,  
 " Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—  
 " If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,  
 " Who think a clod inferior to a man!  
 " If art to form, and counsel to conduct,  
 " And that with greater far than human skill,  
 " Resides not in each block; a GODHEAD reigns.—  
 " Grant, then, invisible, eternal *mind*;  
 " That granted, all is solv'd —But, granting that,  
 " Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud?  
 " Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?  
 " A being without origin, or end!—  
 " Hail, human liberty! there is no GOD—  
 " Yet, why? on either scheme that knot subsists;  
 " Subsist it must, in GOD, or human race;  
 " If in the last, how many knots beside,  
 " Indissoluble all?—Why chuse it there,  
 " Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more?  
 " Reject it where, that chosen, all the rest  
 " Dispers'd, leave Reason's whole horizon clear?  
 " This is not Reason's dictate: Reason says,  
 " Close with the side where one grain turns the scale;  
 " What vast preponderance is here! can reason  
 " With louder voice exclaim——Believe a GOD?  
 " And reason heard, is the sole mark of man.  
 " What things impossible must man think true,  
 " On any other system! and how strange  
 " To disbelieve, through mere credulity!"  
 If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,

Let it for ever bind him to belief.  
 And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?—  
 And if a GOD there is, that GOD how great!  
 How great that Pow'r, whose providential care  
 Thro' these bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray!  
 Of Nature universal threads the whole!  
 And hangs creation, like a precious gem,  
 Tho' little, on the footstool of his throne!

That little gem, how large! a weight let fall  
 From a fixt star, in ages can it reach  
 This distant earth? say, then, Lorenzo! where,  
 Where ends this mighty building? where begin  
 The suburbs of creation? where, the wall  
 Whose battlements look o'er into the vale  
 Of non-existence? Nothing's strange abode!  
 Say, at what point of space JEHOVAH dropt  
 His slacken'd line, and laid his balance by;  
 Weigh'd worlds, and measur'd infinite, no more?  
 Where, rears his terminating pillar high  
 Its extra-mundane head? and says, to Gods,  
 In characters illustrious as the sun,

“ I stand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce  
 “ The work accomplish'd; the creation clos'd:  
 “ Shout, all ye gods; nor shout, ye gods alone;  
 “ Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,  
 “ That rests or rolls, ye heights and depths resound!  
 “ Resound! resound! ye depths and heights, re-  
 found!”

Hard are those questions?—answer harder still.  
 Is this the sole exploit, the single birth,  
 The solitary son, of pow'r divine?  
 Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,  
 Impregnated the womb of distant space?  
 Has He not bid, in various provinces,  
 Brother-creations the dark bowels burst  
 Of night primæval; barren, now, no more?  
 And He the central sun, transpiercing all  
 Those giant generations, which disport,

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And dance as motes, in his meridian ray;  
 That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,  
 In that abyfs of horror, whence they sprung;  
 While chaos triumphs, repoffefs'd of all  
 Rival creation ravish'd from his throne?  
 Chaos! of Nature both the womb and grave!

Think'st thou my fcheme, Lorenzo, freads too wide?  
 Is this extravagant?—No; this is juft;

Juft, in conjecture, tho' 'twere falfe in fact.

If 'tis an error, 'tis an error sprung

From noble root, high thought of the Moft High.

But wherefore error? who can prove it fuch?—

He that can fet Omnipotence a bound.

Can man conceive beyond what God can do?

Nothing but quite-impossible, is hard.

He fums into being, with like eafe,

A whole creation, and a fingle grain.

Speaks he the word? a thoufand worlds are born!

A thoufand worlds? there's fpace for millions more;

And in what fpace can his great *fiat* fail?

Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge

The warm imagination: why condemn?

Why not indulge fuch thoughts, as fwell our hearts

With fuller admiration of that Power,

Who gives our hearts with fuch high thoughts to fwell?

Why not indulge in his augmented praife?

Darts not his glory a ftill brighter ray

The lefs is left to Chaos, and the realms

Of hideous Night, where Fancy ftrays aghaft;

And, tho' moft talkative, makes no report?

Still ftems my thought enormous? think again;

Experience 'felf fhall aid thy lame belief.

Glaſſes (that revelation to the fight!)

Have they not led us deep in the difcloſe

Of fine-spun nature, exquisitely ſmall;

And, tho' demonſtrated, ftill ill-conceiv'd?

If, then, on the reverſe, the mind would mount

In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,

To keep the balance, and creation poise ?  
 Defect alone can err on such a theme ;  
 What is too great, if we the cause survey?  
 Stupendous ARCHITECT! Thou, thou art all!  
 My soul flies up and down in thoughts of Thee,  
 And finds herself but at the centre still!  
 I AM, thy name! existence, all thy own!  
 Creation's nothing ; flatter'd much, if styl'd  
 " The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of GOD."

O for the voice—of what ? of whom ?—What voice  
 Can answer to my wants, in such ascent,  
 As dares to deem one universe too small ?  
 Tell me, Lorenzo! (for now Fancy glows,  
 Fir'd in the vortex of Almighty pow'r)  
 Is not this home-creation, in the map  
 Of universal Nature, as a speck,  
 Like fair Britannia in our little ball ;  
 Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its size,  
 But, elsewhere, far out-measur'd, far outshone ?  
 In Fancy (for the fact beyond us lyes)  
 Canst thou not figure it, an isle, almost  
 Too small for notice, in the vast of being ;  
 Sever'd by mighty seas of unbuilt space,  
 From other realms ; from ample continents  
 Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell ;  
 Less northern, less remote from DEITY,  
 Glowing beneath the line of the SUPREME ;  
 Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth  
 Luxuriant growths ; nor the late autumn wait  
 Of human worth, but ripen soon to gods ?

Yet why drown Fancy in such depths as these ?  
 Return, presumptuous rover! and confess  
 The bounds of man ; nor blame them, as too small.  
 Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen ?  
 Full ample the dominions of the sun!  
 Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,  
 The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,  
 Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,

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Farther, and faster, than a thought can fly,  
 And feeds his planets with eternal fires!  
 This Heliopolis by greater far  
 Than the proud tyrant of the Nile was built;  
 And He alone, who built it, can destroy.  
 Beyond this city, why strays human thought?  
 One wonderful, enough for man to know!  
 One infinite, enough for man to range!  
 One firmament, enough for man to read!  
 O what voluminous instruction here!  
 What page of wisdom is deny'd him? none;  
 If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.  
 Nor is instruction, here, our only gain;  
 There dwells a noble pathos in the skies,  
 Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts.  
 How eloquently shines the glowing pole!  
 With what authority it gives its charge,  
 Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,  
 Tho' silent, loud! heard earth around; above  
 The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;  
 Hell has her wonder, tho' too proud to praise.  
 Is earth, then, more infernal? has she those  
 Who neither praise (Lorenzo!) nor admire?

Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engag'd,  
 Ne'er ask'd the moon one question; never held  
 Least correspondence with a single star;  
 Ne'er rear'd an altar to the queen of heav'n  
 Walking in brightness; or her train ador'd.  
 Their sublunary rivals have long since  
 Engross'd his whole devotion; stars malign,  
 Which make the fond astronomer run mad;  
 Darken his intellect, corrupt his heart;  
 Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace  
 To momentary madness, call'd delight.  
 Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd  
 The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out  
 The blood to Jove!—O Thou, to whom belongs  
 All sacrifice! O thou great JOVE unfeign'd!



Divine Instructor! thy first volume, this,  
For man's perusal; all in capitals!  
In moon, and stars, (heav'n's golden alphabet!)  
Emblaz'd to seize the sight: who runs, may read;  
Who reads, can understand. 'Tis unconfin'd  
To Christian land, or Jewry; fairly writ,  
In language universal, to mankind:  
A language, lofty to the learn'd; yet plain,  
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,  
Or from his husk strike out the bounding grain.  
A language worthy the Great Mind that speaks:  
Preface, and comment, to the sacred page!  
Which oft refers its reader to the skies,  
As pre-supposing his first lesson there;  
And scripture's self a fragment, that unread.  
Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise!  
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee.

By thee much open'd, I confess, O Night!  
Yet more I wish; but how shall I prevail?  
Say, gentle Night! whose modest, maiden beams  
Give us a new creation, and present  
The world's great picture, soften'd to the sight;  
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,  
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key  
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view  
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day  
Behind the proud and envious star of noon!  
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—and shew  
The mighty Potentate, to whom belong  
These rich regalia pompously display'd  
To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,  
I gaze around; I search on ev'ry side——  
O for a glimpse of Him my soul adores!  
As the chas'd hart amid the desert waste,  
Pants for the living stream; for Him who made her,  
So pants the thirsty soul amid the blank  
Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess! where?  
Where blazes His bright court? where burns His throne?

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Thou know'st, for thou art near him; by thee, round  
His grand pavilion, sacred Fame reports  
The fable curtain drawn. If not, can none  
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,  
Who travel far, discover where He dwells?  
A star his dwelling pointed out below,  
Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!  
And thou, Orion! of still keener eye!  
Say, ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,  
And bring them out of tempest into port!  
On which hand must I bend my course to find Him?  
These courtiers keep the secret of their King;  
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.

I wake; and, waking, climb night's radiant scale,  
From sphere to sphere; the steps by Nature set  
For man's ascent; at once to tempt, and aid;  
To tempt his eye, and aid his tow'ring thought;  
Till it arrives at the great goal of all.

In ardent Contemplation's rapid car,  
From earth, as from my barrier, I set out.  
How swift I mount! diminish'd earth recedes;  
I pass the moon; and, from her farther side,  
Pierce heav'n's blue curtain; strike into remote;  
Where, with his lifted tube, the subtle sage  
His artificial airy journey takes,  
And to celestial lengthens human sight.  
I pause at ev'ry planet on my road,  
And ask for Him, who gives their orbs to roll,  
Their foreheads fair to shine. From Saturn's ring,  
In which, of *earths* an army might be lost,  
With the bold comet, take my bolder flight,  
Amid those sov'reign glories of the skies,  
Of independent, native lustre, proud;  
The souls of systems! and the lords of life,  
Thro' their wide empires!—What behold I now?  
A wilderness of wonders burning round;  
Where larger suns inhabit higher spheres;  
Perhaps the villas of descending gods!

Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;  
'Tis but the threshold of the DEITY;  
Or, far beneath it, I am grov'ling still.  
Ner is it strange; I built on a mistake;  
The grandeur of his works, whence folly fought  
For aid, to reason sets his glory higher;  
Who built thus high for worms, (mere worms to Him)  
O where, Lorenzo! must the Builder dwell?

Pause, then; and, for a moment, here respire—  
If human thought can keep its station here.  
Where am I?—where is earth?—nay, where art thou,  
O sun?—Is the sun turn'd recluse?—and are  
His boasted expeditions short to mine?

To mine, how short! On Nature's Alps I stand,  
And see a thousand firmaments beneath!  
A thousand systems! as a thousand grains!  
So much a stranger, and so late arriv'd,  
How can man's-curious spirit not inquire,  
What are the natives of this world sublime,  
Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial sphere,  
Where mortal, untranslated, never stray'd?

“ O ye, as distant from my little home,  
“ As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly!  
“ Far from my native element I roam,  
“ In quest of new, and wonderful to man;  
“ What province this, of His immense domain,  
“ Whom all obeys? Or mortals here, or gods?  
“ Ye bord'ers on the coasts of bliss! what are you?  
“ A colony from heav'n? or only rais'd,  
“ By frequent visit from heav'n's neighbouring realms  
“ To secondary gods, and half-divine?—  
“ Whate'er your nature, this is past dispute,  
“ Far other life you live, far other tongue  
“ You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,  
“ Than man. How various are the works of God!  
“ But say, What thought? Is Reason here enthron'd;  
“ And absolute? or Sense in arms against her?  
“ Have you two lights? or need you no reveal'd?

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" Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?  
 " And had your Eden an abstemious Eve?  
 " Our Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,  
 " And ask their Adams—' Who would not be wife?'  
 " Or, if your mother fell, are you redeem'd?  
 " And if redeem'd—is your REDEEMER scorn'd?  
 " Is this your final residence? If not,  
 " Change you your scene, translated? or by death?  
 " And if by death, what death?—Know you disease?  
 " Or horrid war?—with war, this fatal hour,  
 " Europa groans, (so call we a small field,  
 " Where kings run mad.) In our world, Death deposes  
 " Intemperance to do the work of Age;  
 " And, hanging up the quiver Nature gave him,  
 " As slow of execution, for dispatch  
 " Sends forth imperial butchers; bids them slay  
 " Their sheep, (the silly sheep they fleec'd before),  
 " And tofs him twice ten thousand at a meal.  
 " Sit all your executioners on thrones?  
 " With you, can rage for plunder make a God?  
 " And bloodshed wash out ev'ry other stain?  
 " But you, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter gross  
 " Your spirits clean, are delicately clad  
 " In fine-spun æther; privileg'd to soar,  
 " Unloaded, uninfected; how unlike  
 " The lot of man! how few of human race  
 " By their own mud unmurder'd! how we wage  
 " Self-war eternal!—Is your painful day  
 " Of hardy conflict o'er? or, are you still  
 " Raw candidates at school? and have you those  
 " Who disaffect reversions, as with us?  
 " But what are we? You never heard of man;  
 " Or earth, the bedlam of the universe!  
 " Where Reason (undiseas'd with you) runs mad,  
 " And nurses Folly's children as her own;  
 " Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount  
 " Of holiness, where Reason is pronounc'd  
 " Infallible; and thunders, like a god;

“ Ev’n there, by faints, the dæmons are outdone :  
“ What these think wrong, our faints refine to right ;  
“ And kindly teach dull hell her own black arts ;  
“ Satan, instructed, o’er their morals smiles.—  
“ But this, how strange to you, who know not man !  
“ Has the least rumour of our race arriv’d ?  
“ Call’d here Elijah, in his flaming car ?  
“ Pass’d by you the good Enoch, on his road  
“ To those fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl’d ;  
“ Who brush’d, perhaps, your sphere, in his descent,  
“ Stain’d your pure crystal æther, or let fall  
“ A short eclipse from his portentous shade ?  
“ O that the fiend had lodg’d on some broad orb  
“ Athwart his way ; nor reach’d his present home,  
“ Then blacken’d earth with footsteps foul’d in hell,  
“ Nor wash’d in ocean, as from Rome he pass’d  
“ To Britain’s isle ; too, too, conspicuous there ! ”

But this is all digression. Where is He,  
That o’er heav’n’s battlements the felon hurl’d  
To groans, and chains, and darkness ? where is He,  
Who sees creation’s summit in a vale ?  
He whom, while man is man, he can’t but seek ;  
And if he finds, commences more than man ?  
O for a telescope his throne to reach !  
Tell me, ye learn’d on earth ! or blest’d above !  
Ye searching, ye Newtonian angels ! tell,  
Where your great Master’s orb ? his planets, where ?  
Those conscious satellites, those morning-stars,  
First-born of DEITY ! from central love,  
By veneration most profound thrown off ;  
By sweet attraction no less strongly drawn ;  
Aw’d, and yet raptur’d ; raptur’d, yet serene ;  
Past thought, illustrious, but with borrow’d beams ;  
In still approaching circles, still remote,  
Revolving round the sun’s eternal Sire ?  
Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies  
To nations—in what latitude ?—beyond  
Terrestrial thought’s horizon !—And on what



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High errands sent?—Here human effort ends;  
And leaves me still a stranger to his throne.

Full well it might! I quite mistook my road;  
Born in age more curious, than devout;  
More fond to fix the place of heav'n, or hell,  
Than studious this to shun, or that secure.  
'Tis not the curious, but the pious, path,  
That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,  
Without or star or angel for their guide,  
Who worship God, shall find him. Humble Love,  
And not proud Reason, keeps the door of heav'n;  
Love finds admission, where proud Science fails.  
Man's science is the culture of his heart;  
And not to lose his plummet in the depths  
Of Nature, or the more profound of God.  
Either to know, is an attempt that sets  
'The wisest on a level with the fool.  
'To fathom nature (ill-attempted here!)  
Past doubt is deep philosophy above;  
Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,  
As deeper learn'd; the deepest, learning still.  
For, what a thunder of Omnipotence  
(So might I dare to speak) is seen in all!  
In man! in earth! in more amazing skies!  
Teaching this lesson, pride is loth to learn——  
“Not deeply to discern, not much to know,  
“Mankind was born to wonder and adore.”

And is there cause for higher wonder still,  
Than that which struck us from our past surveys?  
Yes; and for deeper adoration too.  
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,  
Have I learn'd nothing?—Yes, Lorenzo! this;  
Each of these stars is a religious house;  
I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise,  
And heard hosannas ring through ev'ry sphere,  
A seminary fraught with future gods.  
Nature all o'er is consecrated ground,  
Teeming with growths immortal and divine.

The great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand  
Leaves nothing waste; but sows these fiery fields  
With seeds of reason, which to virtues rise  
Beneath his genial ray; and, if escap'd  
The pestilential blasts of stubborn will,  
When grown mature, are gather'd for the skies.  
And is devotion thought too much on earth,  
When beings, so superior, homage boast,  
And triumph in prostrations to the throne?

But wherefore more of planets, or of stars?  
Ethereal journeys, and, discover'd there,  
Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout?  
All Nature sending incense to the Throne,  
Except the bold Lorenzos of our sphere?  
Op'ning the solemn sources of my soul,  
Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,  
My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies,  
Nor see, of fancy, or of fact, what more  
Invites the muse—Here turn we, and review  
Our past nocturnal landscape wide;—then, say,  
Say, then, Lorenzo! with what burst of heart,  
The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,  
Must man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?  
“O what a root! O what a branch is here!  
“O what a Father! what a family!  
“Worlds, systems, and creations!—and creations,  
“In one agglomerated cluster, hung,  
“\* Great VINE! on Thee, on Thee the cluster hangs;  
“The filial cluster! infinitely spread  
“In glowing globes, with various beings fraught;  
“And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.  
“Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?)  
“A constellation of ten thousand gems,  
“(And, O! of what dimension! of what weight!)  
“Set in one signet, flames on the right hand  
“Of Majesty divine! the blazing seal,  
“That deeply stamps, on all created mind,  
“Indelible, his sov'reign attributes,

\* John xv. 1.

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“ Omnipotence, and Love! *that*, passing bound ;  
 “ And *this*, surpassing that. Nor stop we here,  
 “ For want of pow’r in GOD, but thought in man.  
 “ Even this acknowledg’d, leaves us still in debt ;  
 “ If greater aught, that greater all is thine.  
 “ Dread SIRE!—accept this miniature of thee ;  
 “ And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,  
 “ In which archangels might have fail’d, unblam’d.”

How such ideas of th’ Almighty’s pow’r,  
 And such ideas of th’ Almighty’s plan,  
 (Ideas not absurd) distend the thought  
 Of feeble mortals! Nor of them alone!  
 The fulness of the DEITY breaks forth  
 In inconceivables to men and gods.  
 Think, then, O think! nor ever drop the thought;  
 How low must man descend, when Gods adore!—  
 Have I not, then, accomplish’d my proud boast?  
 Did I not tell thee, “ \* We should mount, Lorenzo!  
 “ And kindle our devotion at the stars?”

And have I fail’d? and did I flatter thee?  
 And art all adamant? and dost confute  
 All urg’d, with one irrefragable smile?  
 Lorenzo! mirth, how miserable here!  
 Swear by the stars, by Him who made them, swear,  
 Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as they:  
 Then thou, like them, shalt shine: like them, shalt rise  
 From low to lofty; from obscure to bright;  
 By due gradation, Nature’s sacred law.  
 The stars, from whence?—Ask Chaos—he can tell.  
 These bright temptations to idolatry,  
 From darkness, and confusion, took their birth;  
 Sons of Deformity! from fluid dregs  
 Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude;  
 And then, to spheres opaque; then dimly shone;  
 Then brighten’d; then blaz’d out in perfect day.  
 Nature delights in progress; in advance  
 From worse to better: but, when minds ascend,  
 Progress, in part, depends upon themselves.

Heav'n aids exertion; greater makes the great;  
The voluntary little lessens more.

O be a man! and thou shalt be a god!  
And half self-made!—ambition how divine!

O thou, ambitious of disgrace alone!  
Still undevout? unkindled? tho' high-taught,  
School'd by the skies, and pupil of the stars;  
Rank coward to the fashionable world!  
Art thou asham'd to bend thy knee to Heav'n?  
Curst fume of pride, exhal'd from deepest hell!  
Pride in religion is man's highest praise.  
Bent on destruction! and in love with death!  
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,  
Were half so sad as one benighted mind,  
Which gropes for happiness, and meets despair.  
How, like a widow in her weeds, the Night,  
Amid her glimm'ring tapers, silent sits!  
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps  
Perpetual dews, and saddens Nature's scene!  
A scene more sad sin makes the darken'd soul;  
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

Tho' blind of heart, still open is thine eye:  
Why such magnificence in all thou seest?  
Of Matter's grandeur, know, one end is this,  
To tell the rational, who gazes on it—  
“Tho' that immensely great, still greater he,  
“Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,  
“Unburden'd, Nature's universal scheme;  
“Can grasp creation with a single thought;  
“Creation grasp; and not exclude its SIRE.”——  
To tell him farther—“It behoves him much  
“To guard th' important, yet depending, fate  
“Of being, brighter than a thousand suns;  
“One single ray of thought outshines them all.”——  
And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar  
Superior heights, and on his purple wing,  
His purple wing bedrop'd with eyes of gold,  
Rising, where thought is now deny'd to rise,

96 THE CONSOLATION:

Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.

Why then persist?—No mortal ever liv'd,  
But, dying, he pronounc'd (when words are true!)  
The whole that charms thee, absolutely vain;  
Vain, and far worse!—Think thou, with dying men;  
O condescend to think as angels think!  
O tolerate a chance for happiness!  
Our nature such, ill choice ensures ill fate;  
And hell had been, tho' there had been no God.  
Dost thou not know, my new astronomer!  
Earth, turning from the sun, brings night to man?  
Man, turning from his God, brings endless night;  
Where thou canst read no morals, find no friend,  
Amend no manners, and expect no peace.  
How deep the darkness! and the groan, how loud!  
And far, how far, from lambent are the flames!  
Such is Lorenzo's purchase! such his praise!  
The proud, the politic, Lorenzo's praise!  
Tho' in his ear, and levell'd at his heart,  
I've half read o'er the volume of the skies.

For think not thou hast heard all this from me;  
My song but echoes what great Nature speaks.  
What has she spoken? Thus the goddess spoke,  
Thus speaks for ever:—"Place, at Nature's head,  
" A Sov'reign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,  
" Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,  
" But, above all, diffuses endless good:  
" To whom, for sure redress, the wrong'd may fly;  
" The vile, for mercy; and the pain'd, for peace:  
" By whom, the various tenants of these spheres,  
" Diversify'd in fortunes, place, and pow'rs,  
" Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,  
" Arrive at length (if worthy such approach)  
" At that blest fountain-head, from which they  
    stream;  
" Where conflict past redoubles present joy;  
" And present joy looks forward on increase;  
" And that, on more; no period! ev'ry step



"A double boon! a promise, and a bliss."  
How easy fits this scheme on human hearts!  
It suits their make; it soothes their vast desires;  
Passion is pleas'd; and Reason asks no more;  
'Tis rational! 'tis great!—But what is thine?  
It darkens, shock, excruciates, and confounds!  
Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,  
Sinking from bad to worse; few years, the sport  
Of Fortune; then, the morsel of Despair.

Say, then, Lorenzo! (for, thou know'st it well)  
What's vice?—mere want of compass in our thought.  
Religion, what?—the proof of common sense;  
How art thou whooted, where the least prevails!  
Is it my fault, if these truths call thee fool?  
And thou shalt never be miscall'd by me.  
Can neither shame, nor terror, stand thy friend?  
And art thou still an insect in the mire?  
How, like the guardian angel, have I flown?  
Snatch'd thee from earth; escorted thee thro' all  
Th' ethereal armies; walk'd thee, like a god,  
Thro' splendors of first magnitude, arrang'd  
On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;  
Close-cruis'd on the bright paradise of God;  
And almost introduc'd thee to the Throne!  
And art thou still carouling, for delight,  
Rank poison; first, fermenting to mere froth,  
And then subsiding into final gall?  
To beings of sublime, immortal make,  
How shocking is all joy, whose end is sure!  
Such joy more shocking still, the more it charms.  
And dost thou chuse what ends, ere well-begun?  
And infamous, as short? and dost thou chuse  
(Thou, to whose palate glory is so sweet)  
To wade into perdition, thro' contempt,  
Not of poor bigots only, but thy own?  
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,  
And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow;  
For by strong guilt's most violent assault,

## 98 THE CONSOLATION:

Conscience is but disabled, not destroy'd.

O thou most awful being, and most vain!

Thy will, how frail! how glorious is thy pow'r!

Tho' dread eternity has sown her seeds

Of bliss, and wo, in thy despotic breast;

Tho' heav'n and hell depend upon thy choice;

A butterfly comes cros'd, and both are fled.

Is this the picture of a rational?

This horrid image, shall it be most just?

Lorenzo! no, it cannot,—shall not be,

If there is force in reason; or, in sounds

Chanted beneath the glimpses of the moon,

A magic, at this planetary hour,

When slumber locks the gen'ral lip, and dreams

Thro' senseless mazes hunt souls uninspir'd.

Attend—the sacred mysteries begin—

My solemn night-born adjuration hear;

Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust;

While the stars gaze on this enchantment new;

Inchantment, not infernal, but divine!

“ By Silence, death's peculiar attribute;

“ By Darkness, guilt's inevitable doom;

“ By Darkness, and by Silence, sisters dread

“ That draw the curtain round Night's ebon throne,

“ And raise ideas, solemn as the scene;

“ By Night, and all of awful Night presents

“ To thought or sense (of awful much to both

“ The goddess brings!) By these her trembling fires,

“ Like Vesta's, ever burning! and, like hers,

“ Sacred to thoughts immaculate and pure!

“ By these bright orators, that prove, and praise,

“ And press thee to revere the DEITY,

“ Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd a while,

“ To reach His throne; as stages of the soul,

“ Thro' which at different periods she shall pass,

“ Refining gradual, for her final height,

“ And purging off some dross at ev'ry sphere!

“ By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world!

" By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renowned,

" From short ambition's zenith set for ever;

" Sad preface to vain boasters, now in bloom!

" By the long list of swift mortality,

" From Adam downward to this ev'ning's knell,

" Which midnight waves in Fancy's startled eye;

" And shocks her with an hundred centuries

" Round Death's black banner throng'd, in human thought!

" By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,

" And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear!

" By tombs o'er tombs arising; human earth

" Ejected, to make room for—human earth;

" The monarch's terror! and the sexton's trade!

" By pompous obsequies, that shun the day,

" The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,

" Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;

" Boast of our ruin! triumph of our dust!

" By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;

" And the pale lamp that shews the ghastly dead,

" More ghastly thro' the thick incumbent gloom!

" By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,

" The gliding spectre! and the groaning grave!

" By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan

" For the grave's shelter! By desponding men,

" Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt!

" By guilt's last audit! By yon moon in blood,

" The rocking firmament, the falling stars,

" And thunder's last discharge, great Nature's knell!

" By second chaos; and eternal night"——

BE WISE——Nor let Philander blame my charm;

But own not ill-discharg'd my double debt,

Love to the living, duty to the dead.

For know, I'm but executor; he left

This moral legacy; I make it o'er

By his command: Philander hear in me;

And Heav'n in both.—If deaf to these, oh! hear

## 100 THE CONSOLATION:

Florello's tender voice; his weal depends  
 On thy resolve; it trembles at thy choice;  
 For his sake—love thyself: example strikes  
 All human hearts; a bad example more;  
 More still, a father's! that ensures his ruin.  
 As parent of his being, wouldst thou prove  
 Th' unnatural parent of his miseries,  
 And make him curse the being which thou gav'st?  
 Is this the blessing of so fond a father?  
 If careless of Lorenzo! spare, oh, spare,  
 Florello's father, and Philander's friend!  
 Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him;  
 And from Philander's friend the world expects  
 A conduct, no dishonour to the dead.  
 Let passion do, what nobler motive should;  
 Let love, and emulation, rise in aid  
 To reason; and persuade thee to be—blest.

This seems not a request to be deny'd;  
 Yet (such th' infatuation of mankind!)  
 'Tis the most hopeless man can make to man.  
 Shall I, then, rise in argument, and warmth;  
 And urge Philander's posthumous advice,  
 From topics yet unbroach'd?—  
 But oh, I faint! my spirits fail!—Nor strange!  
 So long on wing, and in no middle clime!  
 To which my great CREATOR's glory call'd;  
 And calls—but, now, in vain. Sleep's dewy wand  
 Has strok'd my drooping lids, and promises  
 My long arrear of rest; the downy god  
 (Wont to return with our returning peace)  
 Will pay, ere-long, and bless me with repose.  
 Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot,  
 The ship-boy's hammoc, or the foldier's straw,  
 Whence sorrow never chas'd thee: with thee bring,  
 Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts  
 Delicious of well-tasted, cordial rest;  
 Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,  
 That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play

The various movements of this nice machine,  
Which asks such frequent periods of repair.  
When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,  
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;  
Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,  
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.  
When will it end with me?

——“ THOU only know'st,

“ Thou whose broad eye the future, and the past,  
“ Joins to the present; making one of three  
“ To mortal thought! Thou know'st, and thou alone,  
“ All-knowing!——all-unknown!——and yet well-  
known!

“ Near, tho' remote! and, tho' unfathom'd, felt!

“ And, tho' invisible, for ever seen!

“ And seen in all! the great, and the minute :

“ Each globe above, with its gigantic race,

“ Each flow'r, each leaf, with its small people  
swarm'd,

“ (Those puny vouchers of Omnipotence!)

“ To the first thought, that asks, “ From whence?”  
declare

“ Their common source. Thou Fountain running o'er

“ In rivers of communicated joy!

“ Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes;

“ Say, by what name shall I presume to call

“ Him I see burning in these countless suns,

“ As Moses in the bush? illustrious Mind!

“ The whole creation, less, far less, to thee,

“ Than that, to the creation's ample round.

“ How shall I name thee?—How my lab'ring soul

“ Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!

“ Great System of perfections! mighty Cause

“ Of causes mighty! Cause uncaus'd! sole Root.

“ Of nature, that luxuriant growth of God!

“ First Father of effects! that progeny

“ Of endless series; where the golden chain's

“ Last link admits a period, who can tell?



102 THE CONSOLATION:

- " Father of all that is or heard, or hears ;  
 " Father of all that is or seen, or sees ;  
 " Father of all that is, or shall arise ;  
 " Father of this immeasurable mass  
 " Of matter multiform ; or dense, or rare ;  
 " Opaque, or lucid ; rapid, or at rest ;  
 " Minute, or passing bound ; in each extreme,  
 " Of like amaze, and mystery to man.  
 " Father of these bright millions of the night ;  
 " Of which the least full GODHEAD had proclaim'd,  
 " And thrown the gazer on his knee—Or say,  
 " Is appellation higher still thy choice ?  
 " Father of Matter's temporary lords !  
 " Father of spirits ! nobler offspring ! sparks  
 " Of high paternal glory ; rich endow'd  
 " With various measures and with various modes  
 " Of instinct, Reason, Intuition ; beams  
 " More pale, or bright, from day divine, to break  
 " The dark of matter organiz'd (the ware  
 " Of all created spirit ;) beams, that rise  
 " Each over other in superior light,  
 " Till the last ripens into lustre strong,  
 " Of next approach to GODHEAD. Father fond  
 " (Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)  
 " Of intellectual beings ! beings blest  
 " With pow'rs to please thee ; not of passive ply  
 " To laws they know not ; beings lodg'd in seats  
 " Of well-adapted joys ; in different domes  
 " Of this imperial palace for thy sons ;  
 " Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,  
 " Though boundless habitation, plann'd by Thee ;  
 " Whose several clans their several climates suit ;  
 " And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.  
 " Or, oh ! indulge, immortal KING, indulge  
 " A title, less august indeed, but more  
 " Endearing ; ah ! how sweet in human ears !  
 " Sweet in our ears ! and triumph in our hearts !  
 " *Father of immortality to man !*

“ A theme that \* lately set my soul on fire.—  
“ And Thou the next! yet equal! Thou, by whom  
“ That blessing was convey’d; far more! was bought;  
“ Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds  
“ Were made; and one redeem’d! illustrious Light  
“ From Light illustrious! Thou, whose regal pow’r,  
“ Finite in Time, but infinite in Space,  
“ On more than adamantine basis fix’d,  
“ O’er more, far more, than diadems, and thrones,  
“ Inviolably reigns; the dread of gods!  
“ And oh! the friend of man! beneath whose foot,  
“ And by the mandate of whose awful nod,  
“ All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,  
“ Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll  
“ Thro’ the short channels of expiring Time,  
“ Or shoreless ocean of eternity,  
“ Calm, or tempestuous (as thy Spirit breathes)  
“ In absolute subjection!—And, O Thou  
“ The glorious Third! distinct, not separate!  
“ Beaming from Both! with both incorporate!  
“ And (strange to tell!) incorporate with dust!  
“ By condescension, as thy glory, great,  
“ Enshrin’d in man! Of human hearts, if pure,  
“ Divine Inhabitant! the tie divine  
“ Of heav’n with distant earth! by whom, I trust,  
“ (If not inspir’d) uncensur’d this address  
“ To Thee, to Them—To whom?—Mysterious Pow’r!  
“ Reveal’d—yet unreveal’d! Darkness in light;  
“ Number in unity! our joy! our dread!  
“ The triple Bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!  
“ That animates all right, the triple Sun!  
“ Sun of the soul! her never setting sun!  
“ Triune, unutterable, unconceiv’d,  
“ Absconding, yet demonstrable, Great God!  
“ Greater than greatest! better than the best!  
“ Kinder than kindest! with soft pity’s eye,  
“ Or (stronger still to speak it) with thine own,  
“ From thy bright home, from that high firmament,

\* Nights the Sixth and Seventh.

## 104 THE CONSOLATION:

" Where Thou from all eternity hast dwelt,  
 " Beyond archangels' unassisted ken;  
 " From far above what mortals highest call;  
 " From elevation's pinnacle; look down,  
 " Through—what? confounding interval! thro' all;  
 " And more than lab'ring Fancy can conceive;  
 " Through radiant ranks of essences unknown,  
 " Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd  
 " Round various banners of Omnipotence,  
 " With endless change of rapt'rous duties fir'd;  
 " Through wond'rous beings interposing swarms,  
 " All clust'ring at the call, to dwell in Thee;  
 " Thro' this wide waste of worlds; this vista vast,  
 " All sanded o'er with suns; suns turn'd to night  
 " Before thy feeblest beam—Look down—down—  
 " On a poor breathing particle in dust, [down,  
 " Or, lower,—an immortal in his crimes.  
 " His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!  
 " Those smaller faults; half converts to the right.  
 " Nor let me close these eyes, which never more  
 " May see the sun, (tho' night's descending scale  
 " Now weighs up morn,) unpity'd, and unblest!  
 " In thy displeasure dwells eternal pain;  
 " Pain, our aversion; pain, which strikes me now:  
 " And, since all pain is terrible to man,  
 " Tho' transient, terrible; at thy good hour,  
 " Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,  
 " My clay-cold bed! by nature, now, so near;  
 " By nature, near; still nearer by disease!  
 " Till then, be this an emblem of my grave:  
 " Let it out-preach the preacher; ev'ry night  
 " Let it outcry the boy at Philip's ear;  
 " That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!  
 " And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)  
 " My senses, sooth'd, shall sing in soft repose;  
 " O sink this truth still deeper in my soul,  
 " Suggested by my pillow, sign'd by fate,  
 " First, in Fate's volume, at the page of *man*—

" Man's sickly soul, tho' turn'd and tofs'd for ever  
 " From side to side, can rest on nought but Thee ;  
 " Here, in full trust ; hereafter, in full joy ;  
 " On Thee, the promis'd sure eternal down  
 " Of spirits toil'd in travel thro' this vale.  
 " Nor of that pillow shall my soul despond ;  
 " For—Love Almighty ! Love Almighty (sing,  
 " Exult, creation ! ) Love Almighty reigns !  
 " That death of death ! that cordial of despair !  
 " And loud Eternity's triumphant song !  
 " Of whom, no more :—for, O thou Patron-God !  
 " Thou God, and Mortal ! thence more God to man !  
 " Man's theme eternal ! man's eternal theme !  
 " Thou can'st not 'scape uninjur'd from our praise.  
 " Uninjur'd from our praise can He escape,  
 " Who, disembofom'd from the Father, bows  
 " The heav'n of Heav'ns, to kiss the distant earth ?  
 " Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul !  
 " Against the Cross, Death's iron sceptre breaks !  
 " From famish'd Ruin plucks her human prey !  
 " Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes !  
 " Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,  
 " Deputes their suff'ring brothers to receive !  
 " And, if deep human guilt in payment fails ;  
 " As deeper guilt, prohibits our despair !  
 " Enjoins it, as our duty, to rejoice !  
 " And (to close all) omnipotently kind,  
 " \* Takes his delights among the sons of men."

What words are these ?—And did they come from  
 heav'n ?

And were they spoke to man ? to guilty man ?  
 What are all mysteries to love like this ?  
 The songs of angels, all the melodies  
 Of choral Gods, are wasted in the sound ;  
 Heal and exhilarate the broken heart ;  
 Though plung'd, before, in horrors dark as night :  
 Rich prelibation of consummate joy !  
 Nor wait we dissolution to be blest.

\* Prov. viii.

## 106 THE CONSOLATION:

This final effort of the moral muse,  
 How justly † titled! Nor for me alone;  
 For all that read; what spirit of support  
 What heights of consolation, crown my song!

Then farewell, Night! Of darkness, now, no more:  
 Joy breaks; shines; triumphs; 'tis eternal day.  
 Shall that which rises out of nought complain  
 Of a few evils, paid with endless joys?  
 My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join  
 The two supports of human happiness,  
 Which some, erroneous, think can never meet;  
 True taste of life, and constant thought of death!  
 The thought of death, sole victor of its dread!  
 Hope be thy joy; and probity thy skill;  
 Thy patron, He, whose diadem has dropp'd  
 Yon gems of heav'n; Eternity, thy prize:  
 And leave the racers of the world their own,  
 Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils:  
 They part with all for that which is not bread;  
 They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, pow'r;  
 And laugh to scorn the fools that aim at more.  
 How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth,  
 Suppose Philander's, Lucia's, or Narcissa's,  
 The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,  
 Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,  
 Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves!  
 And when our present privilege is past,  
 To scourge us with due sense of its abuse,  
 The same astonishment will seize us all.  
 What then must pain us, would preserve us now.  
 Lorenzo! 'tis not yet too late: Lorenzo!  
 Seize Wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise;  
 That is, seize Wisdom, ere she seizes thee.  
 For what, my small philosopher! is Hell?  
 'Tis nothing, but full knowledge of the truth,  
 When Truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe;  
 And calls Eternity to do her right.

Thus, Darkness aiding intellectual light,

† The CONSOLATION.



And sacred Silence whisp'ring truths divine,  
And truths divine converting pain to peace,  
My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,  
And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,  
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,  
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight  
Of Fancy, when our hearts remain below?  
Virtue abounds in flatterers, and foes?  
'Tis pride to praise her; penance, to perform.  
To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,  
Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;  
An hour, when Heav'n's most intimate with man;  
When, like a falling star, the ray divine  
Glides swift into the bosom of the just;  
And just are all, determin'd to reclaim;  
Which sets that title high, within thy reach.  
Awake, then; thy Philander calls: awake!  
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps;  
When, like a taper, all these suns expire;  
When Time, like him of Gaza, in his wrath,  
Plucking the pillars that support the world,  
In Nature's ample ruins lyes entomb'd;  
And Midnight, universal Midnight! reigns.

END of the NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
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FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME  
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY  
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1857

A  
PARAPHRASE  
ON  
P A R T  
OF THE  
BOOK of JOB.

VOL. IV.

K

ESAPHA

A

## P A R A P H R A S E

ON PART of the

## B O O K of J O B \*.

THRICE happy Job † long liv'd in regal state,  
Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great;

\* It is disputed among the critics, Who was the author of the book of Job; some give it to Moses, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me, which favour the former of these opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

† The Almighty's speech, chap. xxxviii, &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most ancient poem in the world. Bp Patrick say, Its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it: so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole book of Job.

I use the word *Paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer for the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The Mountain, the Comet, the Sun, and other parts, are entirely added; those upon the Peacock, the Lion, &c. are much enlarged: and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons



112 . A P A R A P H R A S E O N

Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,  
 Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd :  
 At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,  
 And ills on ills succeed, a dreadful train!  
 What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,  
 The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,  
 And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er  
 So thick with pains, they wanted room for more?  
 A change so sad what mortal heart could bear ?  
 Exhausted w<sup>o</sup> had left him nought to fear,  
 But gave him all to grief : low earth he prest,  
 Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.  
 His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,  
 Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd ;  
 In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,  
 And seven long days in solemn silence spent ;  
 A debt of rev'rence to distress so great!  
 Then Job contain'd no more, but curs'd his fate :  
 His day of birth, its inauspicious light,  
 He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,  
 And blotted from the year ; nor fears to crave  
 Death, instant death, impatient for the grave ;  
 That seat of bliss, that mansion of repose,  
 Where rest and mortals are no longer foes ;  
 Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings,  
 O happy turn ! no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends ;  
 His conduct they reprove, and he defends ;

for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems indeed the proper style of majesty incens'd. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself, does from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him in effect pass sentence on himself.

And now they kindled into warm debate,  
 And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat ;  
 Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,  
 And summon all their reason to the field.  
 So high at length their arguments were wrought,  
 They reach'd the last extent of human thought ;  
 A pause ensu'd. When lo! Heav'n interpos'd,  
 And awfully the long contention clos'd.  
 Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,  
 A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies ;  
 (They saw, and trembled!) from the darkness broke  
 A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke \* :

Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,  
 Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign ?  
 Lifts up her thought against me from the dust,  
 And tells the world's Creator what is just ?  
 Of late so brave, now list a dauntless eye,  
 Face my demand, and give it a reply.  
 Where didst thou dwell at Nature's early birth ?  
 Who laid foundations for the spacious earth ?  
 Who on its surface did extend the line,  
 Its form determine, and its bulk confine ?  
 Who fix'd the corner-stone ? what hand, declare,  
 Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it in air ;  
 When the bright morning-stars in concert sung,  
 When heav'n's high arch with loud Hosannas rung,  
 When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,  
 And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound ?

\* The book of Job is well known to be dramatic ; and, like the tragedies of old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after practice of the Greek stage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious ; but it is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived, than to any since. Frequent before the law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, Exod. xix. Ezek. i. &c. Hence is he said to “ dwell in thick darkness, and have his way in the whirlwind.”

114 A PARAPHRASE ON

Earth's num'rous kingdoms, hast thou view'd them all?  
And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?  
Who heav'd the mountain, which sublimely stands,  
And casts its shadow into distant lands?

Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the deep,  
Can that wild world in due subjection keep?

I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow side,  
And did a basin for the floods provide;  
I chain'd them with my word; the boiling sea  
Work'd up in tempests heard my great decree;

"\* Thus far thy floating tide shall be convey'd:  
"And here, O main, be thy proud billows stay'd."

Hast thou explor'd the secrets of the deep,  
Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep?  
Where down a thousand fathoms from the day,  
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?  
Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,  
Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?

Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to thee?  
Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?  
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade  
To the black portal thro' th' incumbent shade?  
Deep are those shades, but shades still deeper hide  
My counsels from the ken of human pride.

Where dwells the light, in what refulgent dome?  
And where has darkness made her dismal home?  
'Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught  
With ripen'd wisdom through long ages brought,

\* There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is signally sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them: to find it like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its Master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of "Let there be light," &c. so much only as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument, that Moses is author of the book of Job.

Since nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,  
And into being rose beneath thine eye.

Are mists begotten? who their father knew?  
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew?  
To bind the stream by night what hand can boast,  
Or whiten morning with the hoary frost?  
Whose pow'rful breath, from northern regions blown,  
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone?  
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd,  
And lays one half of the creation waste?

Thou know'st me not, thy blindness cannot see  
How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.  
Canst thou in whirlwinds mount aloft? Canst thou  
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow?  
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,  
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with night?

Who laugh'd the clouds in air, and bid them roll  
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?  
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,  
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?  
Who in rough deserts, far from human toil,  
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?  
There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er shone,  
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone.

To check the show'r, who lifts his hand on high,  
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,  
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,  
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains,  
But new in life a cheerful prospects yields  
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;  
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,  
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume?

Hast thou ne'er scal'd my wintry skies, and seen  
Of hail and snow my northern magazine?  
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,  
My fund of vengeance for the day of war,  
When clouds rain death, and storms, at my command,  
Rage thro' the world, or waste a guilty land.

Who taught the rapid winds to fly so fast,  
 Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?  
 Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?  
 Who strikes thro' Nature with the solemn roar  
 Of dreadful thunder? points it where to fall,  
 And in fierce lightning wraps the flying ball?—  
 Not he who trembles at the darted fires,  
 Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the comet out to such a size,  
 And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?  
 Did thy resentment hang him out? does he  
 Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee?

Who on low earth can moderate the rein  
 That guides the stars along th' etherial plain;  
 Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,  
 Their lustre brighten, and supply their force?  
 Canst thou the skies' benevolence restrain,  
 And cause the Pleiades to shine in vain?  
 Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,  
 Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year?  
 Bid Mazaroth his destin'd station know,  
 And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?  
 Mine is the night, with all her stars; I pour  
 Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

Dost thou pronounce where day-light shall be born,  
 And draw the purple curtain of the morn?  
 Awake the sun, and bid him come away,  
 And glad the world with his obsequious ray?  
 Hast thou, enthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n  
 Triumphant round the spacious ring of heav'n?  
 That pomp of light what hand so far displays,  
 That distant earth lyes basking in the blaze?

Who did the soul with her rich pow'rs invest,  
 And light up reason in the human breast,  
 To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,  
 When stars and sun are set in endless night?  
 To these my various questions make reply.  
 Th' Almighty spoke, and, speaking, shook the sky.



What then, Chaldean fire, was thy surprise?  
 Thus thou, with trembling heart, and downcast eyes:  
 "Once and again, which I in groans deplore,  
 "My tongue has err'd, but shall presume no more:  
 "My voice is in eternal silence bound,  
 "And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground."

He ceas'd: when lo! again th' Almighty spoke;  
 The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.

Can that arm measure with an arm divine?  
 And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine?  
 Or in the hollow of thy hand contain  
 The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,  
 When mad with tempests all the billows rise  
 In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?

Come forth in beauty's excellence array'd,  
 And be the grandeur of thy pow'r display'd:  
 Put on omnipotence, and frowning make  
 The spacious round of the creation shake;  
 Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow  
 Triumphant Vice, lay lofty tyrants low,  
 And crumble them to dust: when this is done,  
 I grant thy safety lodg'd in thee alone;  
 Of thee thou art, and may'st undaunted stand  
 Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!  
 Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!  
 What worlds hast thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd,  
 What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd?  
 When, \* pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood  
 Loud calls on God, importunate for food,

\* Another argument that Moses was the author, is, that most of the creatures here mentioned are Egyptian. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence, is, because by her clamorous and importunate voice she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence *κορασσω α κοραξ*, *Ælian*. l. ii. c. 48. is to ask earnestly. And since there were ravens on the bank of the Nile, more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in that place.

118 A P A R A P H R A S E O N

Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,  
And stills the clamour of the craving nest?

Who in the stupid † ostrich has subdu'd  
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?  
While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,  
Without an owner, on the sandy ground;  
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy ly,  
And borrow life from an indulgent sky;  
Adopted by the sun, in blaze of day,  
They ripen under his prolific ray;  
Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread  
May crush her young in their neglected bed.  
What time she skims along the field with speed \*,  
She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed ‡.

† There are many instances of this bird's stupidity; let two suffice. First, It covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight.

—————" Stat lumine clauso

" Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere

" Quæ non ipsa videt." ————— CLAUD.

Secondly, They that go in pursuit of them, draw the skin of an ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have so little brain, that Heliogabalus had six hundred heads for his supper.

Here we may observe, that our judicious as well as sublime author just touches the great points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact, when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing; nor withdraw, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing described. A likeness is lost in too much description, as a meaning often in too much illustration.

\* Here is marked another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion composed of both, and, using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

" Vasta velut Libyæ venantium vocibus ales

" Cum premitur, calidus cursu transmittit arenas,

" Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis

" Purverulenta volat." ————— CLAUD. in Eutr.

‡ Xenophon

How rich the peacock †! what bright glories run  
 From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!  
 He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,  
 Gives all his colours, and adorns the day,  
 With conscious state the spacious round displays,  
 And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the hawk to find, in seasons wise,  
 Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?  
 When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,  
 Shoots to the south, nor fears the storms behind;  
 The sun returning, she returns again,  
 Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Tho' strong the hawk \*, tho' practis'd well to fly,  
 An eagle drops her in a lower sky;  
 An eagle when, deserting human fight,  
 She seeks the sun in her unwear'd flight:  
 Did thy command her yellow pinion lift  
 So high in air, and seat her on the clift,  
 Where far above thy world she dwells alone,  
 And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own;

† Xenophon says, Cyrus had horses that could overtake the goat and the wild ass; but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

† Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are there shut up) into half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun, is true. "Expandit colores adverso  
 "maxime sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant." PLIN. l. x. c. 20.

\* Thuanus (de Re Accip.) mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its swiftness, made it their symbol for the wind; for which reason we may suppose the hawk, as well as the crow above, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey †,  
 And with a glance predestinates her prey?  
 She feasts her young with blood, and, hov'ring o'er  
 Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the promis'd gore.

Know'st thou how many moons \*, by me assign'd,  
 Roll o'er the mountain goat, and forest hind,  
 While pregnant they a mother's load sustain?  
 They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.  
 Hale are their young, from human frailties freed,  
 Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;  
 They live at once, forsake the dam's warm side,  
 Take the wide world, with Nature for their guide,  
 Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade,  
 And find a home in each delightful shade.

Will the tall reem, which knows no lord but Me,  
 Lowe at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?  
 Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,  
 Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?  
 Since great his strength, go trust him void of care,  
 Lay on his neck the toil of all the year,

† The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that when she is so high in the air that man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest fish under water. My author accurately understood the nature of the creatures he describes, and seems to have been a naturalist as well as a poet, which the next note will confirm.

\* The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the time and circumstances of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's providence, which makes the question proper in this place. Pliny observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called Sefelis, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of providence) has the same effect. Psal. xxxix. In so early an age to observe these things, may style our author a naturalist.

Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,  
And cast his load among the gather'd stores.

Didst thou from service the wild ass discharge,  
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,  
Thro' the wide waste his ample mansion roam,  
And lose himself in his unbounded home?  
By Nature's hand magnificently fed,  
His meal is on the range of mountains spread:  
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,  
He sees in distant smoke the city throng;  
Conscious of freedom, scorns the smoother'd train,  
The threat'ning driver, and the servile rein.

Survey the warlike horse! Didst thou invest  
With thunder his robust distended chest?  
No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;  
'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze:  
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,  
And triumphs in the fulness his might;  
High rais'd he snuffs the battle from afar,  
And burns to plunge amid the raging war,  
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,  
And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.  
How does his firm, his rising heart advance  
Full on the brandish'd sword and shaken lance,  
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,  
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!  
He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,  
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;  
But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast  
Till death; and when he groans, he groans his last.

But fiercer still the lordly lion stalks,  
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks:  
When round he glares, all living creatures fly,  
He clears the desert with his rolling eye.  
Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,  
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?  
Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,  
And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,



## 122 A PARAPHRASE ON

Where bent on death ly hid his tawny brood,  
 And, couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood;  
 Or stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day  
 In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?  
 By the pale moon they take their destin'd round \*,  
 And lash their sides, and furious tear their ground:  
 Now shrieks and dying groans the desert fill;  
 They rage, they rend, their rav'nous jaws distil  
 With crimson foam; and when the banquet's o'er,  
 They stride away, and paint their steps with gore:  
 In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,  
 And shudders at the talon in the dust.  
 Mild is my Behemoth, tho' large his frame;  
 Smooth is his temper, and repress'd his flame,  
 While unprovok'd: this native of the flood  
 Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food:  
 Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along  
 To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.  
 See with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,  
 All over proof, and shut against a wound;  
 How like a mountain cedar moves his tail,  
 Nor can his complicated sinews fail:  
 Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass  
 The bars of steel, his ribs are ribs of brass;  
 His port majestic, and his armed jaw,  
 Give the wide forest and the mountain law:  
 The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire  
 The mighty stranger, and in dread retire;  
 At length his greatness nearer they survey,  
 Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.  
 The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,  
 His noon tide shelter from the burning heat;  
 Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,  
 And groves of willows give him all their shade:

\* Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts,  
 particularly the lion, Psal. civ. 20. The Arabians have one  
 among their 500 names for the lion, which signifies *The  
 Hunter by Moonshine*.

His eye drinks Jordan up, when, fir'd with drought,  
He trusts to turn its current down his throat;  
In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain,  
He sinks a river, and he thirsts again \*.

Go to the Nile †, and from its fruitful side  
Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide;  
With slender hair Leviathan command,  
And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand:  
Will he become thy servant? will he own  
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?  
Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,  
And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play?

Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize,  
And the bowl journey round his ample size?  
Or the debating merchants share the prey,  
And various limbs to various marts convey?  
Thro' his firm skull what steel its way can win?  
What forceful engine can subdue his skin?  
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might;  
The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight,  
The rashest dare not rouse him up ‡: Who then  
Shall turn on Me, among the sons of men?

\* “Cephesi glaciale caput quo suctus anhelam

“Ferre sitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto.”

STAT. Theb. v. 349.

“Qui spiris tegetet montes, hauriret hiatu

“Flumina,” &c.

CLAUD. pref. in Ruf.

Let not this hyperbole seem too much for an eastern poet, though some commentators of name strain hard in this place for a new construction, through fear of it.

† The taking the crocodile is most difficult. Diodorus says, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Augustus conquered Egypt, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, *NEMO ANTEA RELIGAVIT*.

‡ This alludes to a custom of this creature, which is, when fated with fish, to come ashore and sleep among the reeds.

Am I a debtor? hast thou ever heard  
 Whence come the gifts which are on me conferr'd?  
 My lavish fruit a thousand valleys fills,  
 And mine the herds that graze a thousand hills;  
 Earth, sea, and air, all nature is my own,  
 And stars, and sun, are dust beneath my throne:  
 And dar'st thou with the world's great Father vye,  
 Thou who dost tremble at my creature's eye?

At full my huge Leviathan shall rise,  
 Boast all his strength, and spread his wondrous size.  
 Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,  
 Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?  
 Whose heart sustains him to draw near? Behold,  
 Destruction yawns, his spacious jaws unfold \*,  
 And, marshall'd round the wide expanse, disclose  
 Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:  
 What hideous fangs on either side arise,  
 And what a deep abyfs between them lyes?  
 Mete with thy lance, and with thy plummet sound,  
 The one how long, the other how profound.

His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,  
 That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll  
 As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,  
 Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire †;

\* The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, says Pliny, "*sit totum os.*" Martial says to his old woman,

"*Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora*

"*Niliacus habet crocodilis angusta.*"

So that this expression there is barely just.

† This too is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath; when it emerges, the breath long repressed is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce or animated; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him:

The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,  
 Thy terror, this thy great Superior please;  
 Strength on his ample shoulder fits in state,  
 His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete,  
 His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part,  
 As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

When late awak'd he rears him from his floods,  
 And stretching forth his stature to the clouds,  
 Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,  
 And strikes the distant hills with transient light,  
 Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,  
 The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.

\* Large is his front; and when his burnish'd eyes  
 Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.

“Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.”

By this and the foregoing note I would caution against a false opinion of the eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

\* “His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning.” I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians stole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, though no commentator I have seen mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the Egyptians should be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moses, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already, that three or four of the creatures here described are Egyptian: the two last are notoriously so; they are the river-horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on these two our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moses, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify the Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, viz. the elephant and the whale. This is so natural an expectation, that some commentators have rendered Behemoth and Leviathan, the elephant and whale, though the descriptions in our author will not admit of it; but Moses being (as we may well suppose)

In vain may death in various shapes invade,  
 The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade;  
 His naked breast their impotence defies,  
 The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies:  
 Shut in himself, the war without he hears,  
 Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;  
 The cumber'd strand their wasted volleys strow;  
 His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a caldron boil the flood,  
 And blacken ocean with the rising mud;  
 The billows feel him as he works his way;  
 His hoary footsteps shine along the sea;  
 The foam high-wrought with white divides the green,  
 And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face;  
 Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,  
 For utter ignorance of fear renown'd;  
 In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around,  
 Makes ev'ry swollen disdainful heart subside,  
 And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.

Then the Chaldean eas'd his lab'ring breast,  
 With full conviction of his crime oppress:

“Thou can'st accomplish all things, LORD of might!  
 “And ev'ry thought is naked to thy sight:  
 “But oh! thy ways are wonderful, and ly,  
 “Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.  
 “Oft have I heard of thine Almighty pow'r,  
 “But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.  
 “O'erwhelm'd with shame, the LORD of life I see,  
 “Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee:  
 “Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more;  
 “Man is not made to question, but adore.”

under an immediate terror of the Hippotamus and Crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around them, it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.



## V E R S E S

Occasioned by

That famous Piece of the CRUCIFIXION

Done by

MICHAEL ANGELO\*.

**W**HILE his Redeemer on his canvas dies,  
 Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies:  
 The daring artist, cruelly serene,  
 Views the pale cheek and the distorted mien;  
 He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,  
 Examines every spirit as it flies:  
 He studies torment; dives in mortal wo;  
 To rouse up ev'ry pang, repeats his blow;  
 Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,  
 Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face.  
 O glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!  
 With its full charge of death each feature fraught!  
 Such wond'rous force the magic colours boast,  
 From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

\* Who obtained leave to treat a malefactor, condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as he pleased for this purpose. The man being extended, this wonderful artist directed that he should be stabbed in such parts of the body as he apprehended would occasion the most excruciating torture, that he might represent the agonies of death in the most natural manner.

ON THE  
DEATH of Queen ANNE,  
AND THE  
ACCESSION of King GEORGE.

Inscribed to

JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Justices,  
in the year 1714.

—Gaudia caris.

HOR.

SIR, I have long, and with impatience, sought  
To ease the fulness of my grateful thought;  
My fame at once and duty to pursue,  
And please the public, by respect to You.  
Tho' you, long since beyond Britannia known,  
Have spread your country's glory with your own;  
To me you never did more lovely shine,  
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine  
Quench'd our ambition in great Anna's fate,  
And darken'd all the pomp of human state.  
Tho' you are rich in fame, and fame decay,  
Tho' rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,  
Your lustre brightens: virtue cuts the gloom  
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

Know, Sir, the great esteem and honour due,  
I chose, that moment, to profess to you,  
When sadness reign'd, when fortune so severe  
Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere,  
And when no motive could have force to raise  
A serious value, and provoke my praise,  
But such as rise above and far transcend  
Whatever glories with this world shall end,  
Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot  
The sun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.

I sing!—But ah! my theme I need not tell!  
See ev'ry eye with conscious sorrow swell:  
Who now to verse would raise his humble voice  
Can only shew his duty, not his choice.  
How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain!  
We languish, and to speak is to complain.

Let us look back, (for who too oft can view  
That most illustrious scene, for ever new!)  
See all the seasons shine on Anna's throne,  
And pay a constant tribute, not their own.  
Her summer heats nor fruits alone bestow,  
They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe:  
And when black storms confess the distant sun,  
Her winters wear the wreaths her summers won.  
Revolving pleasures in their turn appear,  
And triumphs are the product of the year.  
To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,  
And glorious victory is lost in peace.

Whence this profusion on our favour'd isle?  
Did partial fortune on our virtue smile?  
Or did the sceptre, in great Anna's hand,  
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?  
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundless claim;  
The queen and thy good fortune are the same.

Hear, with alarms, our trumpets fill the sky;  
'Tis Anna reigns; the Gallic squadrons fly.  
We spread our canvas to the southern shore:  
'Tis Anna reigns! the South resigns her store.

Her virtue sooths the tumult of the main,  
And swells the field with mountains of the slain;  
Argyll and Churchill but the glory share,  
While millions ly subdu'd by Anna's pray'r.

How great her zeal! how fervent her desire!  
How did her soul in holy warmth expire!  
Constant devotion did her time divide,  
Not set returns of pleasure or of pride.  
Not want of rest, or the suns parting ray,  
But finish'd duty, limited the day.  
How sweet succeeding sleep! what lovely themes  
Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams!  
Her royal couch descending angels spread,  
And join'd their wings, a shelter o'er her head.

Tho' Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,  
Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart:  
She saw, and griev'd, to see the mean estate  
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait;  
She shed her bounty piously profuse,  
And thought it more her own in sacred use.

Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,  
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand;  
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,  
And providently scatters all his grain.

What strikes my sight! does proud Augusta rise  
New to behold, and awfully surprisè?  
Her lofty brow more num'rous turrets crown,  
And sacred domes on palaces look down:  
A noble pride of piety is shown,  
And temples cast a lustre on the throne.  
How would this work another's glory raise!  
But Anna's greatness robs her of the praise.  
Drown'd in a greater blaze it disappears.  
Who dry'd the widow's and the orphan's tears?  
Who stoop'd from high to succour the distress'd,  
And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?  
Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,  
Whoever fought, it was a Queen that gave.

Misfortune lost her name; her guiltless frown  
But made another debtor to the Crown;  
And each unfriendly stroke from Fate we bore,  
Became our title to the regal store.

Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot,  
And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.

Ye numbers, who on your misfortunes thriv'd,  
When first the dreadful blast of fame arriv'd,  
Say what a shock, what agonies you felt,  
How did your souls with tender anguish melt!  
That grief, which living Anna's love suppress'd,  
Shook like a tempest every grateful breast.

A second fate our sinking fortunes try'd!  
A second time our tender parents dy'd!

Heroes returning from the field we crown,  
And deify the haughty victor's frown:  
His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,  
Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire.  
Wisely to spend, is the great art of gain;  
And one reliev'd transcends a million slain.  
When time shall ask, where once Ramilia lay,  
Or Danube flow'd that swept whole troops away,  
One drop of water that refresh'd the dry,  
Shall raise a fountain of eternal joy.

But, ah! to that unknown and distant date,  
Is Virtue's great reward push'd off by Fate;  
Her random shafts in every breast are found,  
Virtue and Merit but provoke the wound.

August in native worth, and regal state,  
Anna sat Arbitress of Europe's fate;  
To distant realms did ev'ry accent fly,  
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.  
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,  
How small a spot contains the mighty Queen!  
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,  
Where Britain's greatness is compos'd in peace:  
The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,  
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.



Thus end maturest honours of a crown!  
This is the last conclusion of renown!

So when, with idle skill, the wanton boy  
Breathes through his tube, he sees, with eager joy,  
The trembling bubble, in its rising small,  
And, by degrees, expands the glitt'ring ball.  
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies  
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,  
The little monarch, with a falling tear,  
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.

'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom;  
No groans unlock th' inexorable doom;  
Why then this fond indulgence of our wo!  
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow!  
Yes, this advantage from our deep distress,  
We learn how much in George the gods can bless.  
Had a less glorious princess left the throne,  
But half the hero had at first been shown;  
An Anna falling, all the King employs,  
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys:  
Our joys arise, and innocently shine,  
Auspicious Monarch! what a praise is thine!

Welcome, great stranger, to Britannia's throne!  
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.  
Of thy delay how oft did we complain!  
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.  
With pray'r we smooth'd the billows for thy fleet;  
With ardent wishes fill'd thy swelling sheet;  
And when thy foot took place on Albion's shore,  
We bending bless'd the gods, and ask'd no more.  
What hand but thine should conquer, and compose,  
Join those whom int'rest joins, and chace our foes?  
Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,  
And by his rival's greatness give him fame?  
Now in some foreign court he may sit down,  
And quit, without a blush, the British crown,  
Secure his honour, though he lose his store,  
And take a lucky moment to be poor.

Nor think, great Sir, now first, at this late hour,  
In Britain's favour you exert your pow'r :  
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace  
The num'rous tokens of your princely grace.  
Whether you chuse to thunder on the Rhine,  
Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine:  
In the more scenes your genius was display'd,  
The greater debt was on Britannia laid:  
They all conspir'd this mighty man to raise,  
And your new subjects proudly share the praise:

All share; but may not we have leave to boast,  
That we contemplate and enjoy it most?  
This ancient nurse of arts, indulg'd by Fate  
On gentle Isis' bank a calm retreat,  
For many rolling ages justly fam'd,  
Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd;  
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)  
Her blood and treasure to support the throne;  
For England's church her latest accent strain'd,  
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd;  
No wonder then her various ranks agree,  
In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.

What though thy birth a distant kingdom boast,  
And seas divide thee from the British coast?  
The crown's impatient to inclose thy head;  
Why stay thy feet? the cloth of gold is spread.  
Our strict obedience thro' the world shall tell,  
That king's a Briton who can govern well.

A  
L E T T E R  
T O  
Mr T I C K E L L.

Occasioned by the

D E A T H

Of the Right Honourable

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq; 1719.

—Tu nunc eris alter ab illo.

VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,  
In social arts and sacred friendship join'd;  
Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,  
Lost from her side, but fortunately lost;  
Thy wonted aid, my dear companion, bring,  
And teach me thy departed friend to sing.  
A darling theme! once pow'rful to inspire,  
And now to melt, the muses' mournful choir;  
Now, and now first, we freely dare commend  
His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend.  
Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,  
And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his strain.  
See, see, she cry'd, old Maro's muse appears,  
Wak'd from her slumber of two thousand years:  
Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings,  
Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers sings.

All read transported his pure classic page;  
Read, and forget their climate and their age.

The state, when now his rising fame was known,  
Th' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own;  
Nor wou'd that one for scenes of action strong,  
Shou'd let a life evaporate in song.

As health and strength the brightest charms dispense,  
Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense.

Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspir'd,  
With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,  
In conscious pride, their own importance find,  
Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind!

Wit they esteem a gay, but worthless pow'r,  
The slight amusement of a leisure hour;  
Unmindful, that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,  
Majestic wisdom wears the bright disguise.

Poor Dido fondled thus with idle joy  
Dread Cupid lurking in the Trojan boy;  
Lightly she toy'd and trifled with his charms,  
And knew not that a god was in her arms.

Who greatest excellence of thought cou'd boast,  
In action too have been distinguish'd most.  
'This Somers knew; and Addison sent forth  
From the malignant regions of the North,  
To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,  
Where all the vigour of the soul can rise;  
Thro' warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,  
And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.  
With secret pain the prudent patriot gave  
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,  
Anxious the charge to all the stars resign'd,  
And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.

Aufonia soon receiv'd her wond'ring guest;  
And equal wonder in her turn confess'd,  
To see her fervors rival'd by the pole,  
Her lustre beaming from a northern soul:  
In like surprise was her Æneas lost,  
To find his picture grace a foreign coast.

136 A LETTER TO MR TICKELL.

Now the wide field of Europe he surveys,  
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,  
In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought:  
Great work! by Nassau's favour cheaply bought.

He nows returns to Britain a support,  
Wife in her senate, graceful in her court;  
And, when the public welfare would permit,  
The source of learning, and the soul of wit.  
O Warwick! (whom the muse is fond to name,  
And kindles, conscious of her future theme),  
O Warwick! by divine contagion bright,  
How early didst thou catch his radiant light!  
By him inspir'd, how shine before thy time,  
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!

On some warm bank, thus, fortunately born,  
A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn,  
Full blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,  
And shews th' abundance of her purple rays.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;  
We now surpris'd her fruitful branches see;  
Or, orange-like, till his auspicious time  
It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime:  
He first the plant to richer gardens led,  
And fix'd indulgent in a warmer bed.  
The nation pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,  
And gathers from her ornament her use.

When loose from public cares the grove he sought,  
And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,  
The various labours of his easy page,  
A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.  
Beyond this truth old bards could scarce invent,  
Who durst to frame a world by accident.

What he has sung, how early, and how well,  
The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.  
A glory more sublime remains in store,  
Since such his talents, that he sung no more.  
No fuller proof of pow'r th' Almighty gave,  
Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave.



A LETTER TO MR TICKELL. 137

Nought can the genius of his works transcend,  
But their fair purpose and important end;  
To rouse the war for injur'd Europe's laws;  
To steel the patriot in great Brunswic's cause;  
With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,  
Or paint th' eternal bow'rs of bliss above.  
Where hadst thou room, great author! where, to roll  
The mighty theme of an immortal soul? [brought  
Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were  
Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought?  
One let me join, all other may excel;  
"How could a mortal essence think so well?"

But why so large in the great writer's praise?  
More lofty subjects should my numbers raise:  
In him (illustrious rivalry!) contend  
The statesman, patriot, Christian, and the friend  
His glory such, it borders on disgrace  
To say he sung the best of human race.

In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,  
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,  
Tickell, accept this verse, thy mournful due:  
Thou farther shalt the sacred theme pursue;  
And as thy strain describes the matchless man,  
Thy life shall second what thy muse began.  
Tho' sweet the numbers, tho' a fire divine  
Dart thro' the whole, and burn in ev'ry line;  
Who strives not for that excellence he draws,  
Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause.

But haste to thy illustrious task; prepare  
The noble work well trusted thy care;  
The gift bequeathed by Addison's command,  
To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.  
Collect the labours, join the various rays,  
The scatter'd light in one united blaze;  
Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,  
In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd,  
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs a while  
In gen'rous anguish o'er the glorious pile;

138 A LETTER TO MR TICKELL.

With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,  
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.  
What tho' thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,  
Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend;  
Think not, O patriot, while thy eyes o'erflow,  
Those cares suspended for a private wo;  
Thy love to him is to thy country shown,  
He mourns for her who mourns for Addison.

RESIGNATION.

I N

T W O P A R T S.

A N D, A

P O S T S C R I P T

To Mrs B \* \* \* \* \*.

My soul shall be satisfied even as it were with marrow and  
fatness ; when my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips.

PSALM lxiii. 6.

• • • • •

## RESIGNATION.

## P A R T I.

THE days how few, how short the years,  
 Of man's too rapid race;  
 Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,  
 A shorter in its place?

They who the longest lease enjoy,  
 Have told us, with a sigh,  
 That, to be born, seems little more  
 Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth,  
 With fears alarm'd; and yet,  
 In life's delusions lull'd asleep,  
 This weighty truth forget.

And am not I to these a-kin?  
 Age slumbers o'er the quill;  
 Its honour blots whate'er it writes,  
 And am I writing still?

Conscious of nature in decline,  
 And languor in my thoughts,  
 To soften censure, and abate  
 Its rigour on my faults,

Permit me, Madam, ere to you  
 The promis'd verse I pay,  
 To touch on felt infirmity,  
 Sad sister of decay.

One world deceas'd, another born,  
 Like Noah they behold,  
 O'er whose white hairs and furrow'd brows  
 Too many suns have roll'd.



Happy the patriarch! he rejoic'd

His second world to see ;

My second world, tho' gay the scene,  
Can boast no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears

With desolation spread ;

Near all with whom I liv'd, and smil'd,  
Whilst life was life, are dead :

And with them died my joys : the grave

Has broken nature's laws ;

And clos'd, against this feeble frame,  
Its partit' cruel jaws :

Cruel to spare! condemn'd to life!

A cloud impairs my sight ;

My weak hand disobeys my will,  
And trembles as I write.

What shall I write? Thalia! tell ;

Say, long-abandon'd muse!

What field of fancy shall I range ?

What subject shall I chuse?

A choice of moment high inspire,

And rescue me from shame,

For doating on thy charms so late,  
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond the themes, which most admire,

Which dazzle, or amaze ;

Beyond renown'd exploits of war,

Bright charms, or empire's blaze,

Are themes which, in a world of wo,

Can best appease our pain ;

And, in an age of gaudy guilt,

Gay folly's flood restrain ;

Amidst the storms of life support

A calm unshaken mind ;

And with unfading laurels crown

The brow of the resign'd.

O RESIGNATION! yet unsung,  
Untouch'd by former strains;  
Tho' claiming ev'ry muse's smile,  
And ev'ry poet's pains;  
Beneath life's ev'ning solemn shade,  
I dedicate my page  
To thee, thou safest guard of youth!  
Thou sole support of age!  
All other duties crescents are  
Of virtue faintly bright;  
The glorious consummation, thou!  
Which fills her orb with light;  
How rarely fill'd! The love divine  
In evils to discern;  
This the first lesson which we want,  
The latest which we learn:  
A melancholy truth! For know,  
Could our proud hearts *resign*,  
The distance greatly would decrease  
'Twixt human and divine.  
But tho' full noble is my theme,  
Full urgent is my call  
To soften sorrow, and forbid  
The bursting tear to fall;  
The task I dread: dare I to leave  
Of human prose the shore,  
And put to sea? a dang'rous sea!  
What throngs have sunk before!  
How proud the poet's billows swell!  
*The God! The God!* his boast;  
A boast how vain! what wrecks abound!  
Dead bards stench every coast.  
What then am I? Shall I presume,  
On such a moulted wing,  
Above the general wreck to rise,  
And, in my winter, sing;

When nightingales, when sweetest bards,  
    Confine their charming song  
To summer's animating heats,  
    Content to warble young?  
Yet, write I must; a lady \* sues;  
    How shameful her request?  
My brain in labour for dull rhyme!  
    Her's teeming with the best!  
But you a stranger will excuse,  
    Nor scorn his feeble strain;  
To you a stranger, but, through fate,  
    No stranger to your pain.  
The ghost of grief deceas'd ascends,  
    His old wound bleeds anew;  
His sorrows are recall'd to life  
    By those he sees in you:  
Too well he knows the twisted strings  
    Of ardent hearts combin'd;  
When rent asunder, how they bleed,  
    How hard to be resign'd:  
Those tears you pour, his eyes have shed;  
    The pang you feel, he felt;  
Thus Nature, loud as Virtue, bids  
    His heart at your's to melt.  
But what can heart, or head, suggest?  
    What sad Experience say?  
Through truths austere, to peace we work  
    Our rugged, gloomy way:  
What are we? whence? for what? and whither?  
    Who know not, needs must mourn;  
But Thought, bright daughter of the skies!  
    Can tears to triumph turn.  
Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's  
    Impenetrable shield,  
When, sent by fate, we meet our foes  
    In fore Affliction's field;

\* Mrs M——.

It plucks the frightful mask from ills ;

Forbids pale fear to hide,

Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,

Which turns affection's tide.

Affection frail! train'd up by Sense,

From Reason's channel strays ;

And whilst it blindly points at peace,

Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond, erroneous stream

From daily-dying flow'rs,

To nourish rich, immortal blooms,

In amaranthine bow'rs ;

Whence throngs, in ecstasy, look down

On what once shock'd their sight ;

And thank the terrors of the past,

For ages of delight.

All withers here ; who most possess

Are losers by their gain.

Stung by full proof, that, bad at best,

Life's idle All is vain :

Vain, in its course, life's murmur'ing stream ;

Did not its course offend,

But murmur cease ; life, then, would seem

Still vainer, from its end.

How wretched! who, through cruel fate,

Have nothing to lament,

With the poor alms this world affords,

Deplorably content?

Had not the Greek his world mistook,

His wish had been most wise ;

To be content with but one world,

Like him, we should despise.

Of earth's revenue would you state

A full account, and fair ?

We hope ; and hope ; and hope ; then cast

The total up——despair.

VOL. IV.

N

Since vain all here, all future, vast,  
Embrace the lot assign'd ;  
Heav'n wounds to heal ; its frowns are f ends ;  
Its strokes severe, most kind.  
But in laps'd nature rooted deep,  
Blind error domineers ;  
And on fools errands, in the dark,  
Sends out our hopes and fears ;  
Bids us for ever pains deplore,  
Our pleasures overprize :  
These oft persuade us to be weak ;  
Those urge us to be wise.  
From virtue's rugged path to right  
By pleasure are we brought  
To flow'ry fields of wrong, and there  
Pain chides us for our fault :  
Yet whilst it chides, it speaks of peace,  
If folly is withstood ;  
And says, time pays an easy price  
For our eternal good.  
In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,  
And in delusion great,  
What an œconomist is man,  
To spend his whole estate,  
And beggar an eternity ?  
For which as he was born,  
More worlds than one against it weigh'd,  
As feathers he should icorn.  
Say not, your loss in triumph leads  
Religion's feeble strife ;  
Joys future amply reimburse  
Joys bankrupts of this life.  
But not deferr'd your joy so long,  
It bears an early date ;  
Affliction's ready pay in hand  
Befriends our present state.



What are the tears which trickle down  
 Her melancholy face,  
 Like liquid pearl ? like pearls of price,  
 They purchase lasting peace.

Grief softens hearts, and curbs the will,  
 Impetuous passion tames,  
 And keeps insatiate keen desire  
 From launching in extremes.

Thro' time's dark womb, our judgment right,  
 If our dim eye was thrown,  
 Clear should we see, the will divine  
 Has but forestall'd our own.

At variance with our future wish,  
 Self-sever'd, we complain ;  
 If so, the wounded, not the wound,  
 Must answer for the pain.

The day shall come, and swift of wing,  
 Tho' you may think it slow,  
 When, in the list of fortune's smiles,  
 You'll enter frowns of wo.

For mark the path of Providence :  
 This course it has pursu'd,  
 " Pain is the parent, wo the womb,  
 " Of sound important good."

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world  
 By strong and endless ties ;  
 And ev'ry sorrow cuts a string,  
 And urges us to rise.

'Twill sound severe——Yet rest assur'd  
 I'm studious of your peace ;  
 Tho' I should dare to give you joy——  
 Yes, joy of his decease :

An hour shall come (you question this)  
 An hour, when you shall bless,  
 Beyond the brightest beams of life,  
 Dark days of your distress.

Hear then without surprise a truth,

A daughter-truth to this,

Swift turns of fortune often tie

A bleeding heart to bliss.

Esteem you this a paradox?

My sacred motto read;

A glorious truth! divinely sung

By one whose heart had bled.

To Resignation swift he flew:

In her a friend he found;

A friend, which bless'd him with a smile

When gasping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd

But what is painful too;

By travel, and to travel born,

Our sabbaths are but few;

To real joy we work our way,

Encountering many a shock,

Ere found what truly charms; as found

A Venus in the block.

In some disaster, some severe

Appointment for our sins,

That mother-blessing, (not so call'd)

True happiness, begins.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames,

By stings of life unvest;

First rose some quarrel with this world,

Then passion for the next.

You see, then, pangs are parent-pangs,

The pangs of happy birth;

Pangs, by which only can be born

True happiness on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,

Or thro' time's records run!

And say, What is a man unstruck?

It is a man undone.

This moment, am I deeply stung——

My bold pretence is try'd ;

When vain man boasts, Heav'n puts to proof

The vauntings of his pride ;

Now need I, madam ! your support.——

How exquisite the smart !

How critically tim'd the \* news

Which strikes me to the heart !

The pangs of which I spoke, I feel :

If worth like thine is born,

O long belov'd ! I bless the blow,

And triumph, whilst I mourn.

Nor mourn I long ; by grief subdu'd

Be reason's empire shown :

Deep anguish comes by Heaven's decree,

Continues by our own ;

And when continu'd past its point,

Indulg'd in length of time,

Grief is disgrace, and, what was fate,

Corrupts into a crime :

And shall I, criminally mean,

Myself and subject wrong ?

No : my example shall support

The subject of my song.

Madam ! I grant, your loss is great,

Nor little is your gain :

Let that be weigh'd ; when weigh'd aright,

It richly pays your pain.

When Heaven would kindly set us free,

And earth's enchantment end,

It takes the most effectual means,

And robs us of a FRIEND :

But such a friend !——and sigh no more ?

'Tis prudent ; but severe :

Heaven aid my weak weakness, and I drop

All sorrow——with this tear.

N 3

\* The death of Mr Richardson.

Perhaps your settled grief to soothe  
I should not vainly strive;  
But with soft balm your pain assuage,  
Had he been still alive;  
Whose frequent aid brought kind relief,  
In my distress of thought,  
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,  
And beautify'd a fault.  
To touch our passions' secret springs,  
Was his peculiar care;  
And deep his happy genius div'd  
In bosoms of the fair;  
Nature, which favours to the few  
All art beyond imparts,  
To him presented, at his birth,  
The key of human hearts:  
But not to me by him bequeath'd  
His gentle smooth address;  
His tender hand to touch the wound  
In throbbings of distress.  
How'er, proceed I must, unblest'd  
With Esculapian art:  
Know, love sometimes, mistaken love!  
Plays disaffection's part:  
Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,  
Can soul from soul divide;  
They correspond from distant worlds,  
Tho' transports are deny'd;  
Are you not, then, unkindly kind?  
Is not your love severe?  
O! stop that crystal source of wo;  
Nor wound him with a tear.  
As those above from human bliss  
Receive increase of joy;  
May not a stroke from human wo,  
In part, their peace destroy?

He lives in those he left ;—to what ?

Your, now, paternal care :

Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,

It will discern him there ;

In features, not of form alone,

But those, I trust, of mind,

Auspicious to the public weal,

And to their fate resign'd.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd ;

Revolve his battles won ;

And let those prophesy your joy

From such a father's son :

Is consolation what you seek ?

Fan, then, his martial fire ;

And animate to flame the sparks

Bequeath'd him by his fire.

As nothing great is born in haste,

Wife Nature's time allow ;

His father's laurels may descend,

And flourish on his brow.

Nor, Madam! be surpris'd to hear,

That laurels may be due

Not more to heroes of the field,

(Proud boasters!) than to you :

Tender as is the female frame,

Like that brave man you mourn ;

You are a soldier, and to fight

Superior battles born ;

Beneath a banner nobler far

Than ever was unfurl'd

In fields of blood ; a banner bright!

High-wav'd o'er all the world.

It, like a streaming meteor, casts

An universal light;

Sheds day, sheds more, eternal day

On nations whelm'd in night:



Beneath that banner, what exploit  
Can mount our glory higher,  
Than to sustain the dreadful blow,  
When those we love expire?  
Go forth a moral Amazon;  
Arm'd with undaunted thought;  
The battle won, tho' costing dear,  
You'll think it cheaply bought:  
The passive hero, who sits down  
Inactive, and can smile  
Beneath affliction's galling load,  
Out-acts a Cæsar's toil;  
The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes,  
Inferior praise afford;  
Reason's a bloodless conqueror,  
More glorious than the sword.  
Nor can the thunder of huzzas  
From shooting nations, cause  
Such sweet delight, as from your heart  
Soft whispers of applause:  
The dear deceas'd so fam'd in arms,  
With what delight he'll view  
His triumphs on the main outdone,  
Thus conquer'd, twice, by you!  
Share his delight; take heed to shun  
Of bosoms most diseas'd  
That odd distemper, an absurd  
Reluctance to be pleas'd:  
Some seem in love with Sorrow's charms,  
And that foul fiend embrace:  
This temper let me justly brand,  
And stamp it with disgrace:  
Sorrow! of horrid parentage!  
Thou second-born of hell!  
Against Heaven's endless mercies pour'd  
How dar'st thou to rebel?

From black and noxious vapours bred,  
And nurs'd by want of thought,  
And to the door of Frenzy's self  
By perseverance brought :

Thy most inglorious, coward tears  
From brutal eyes have ran ;  
Smiles, incommunicable smiles!  
Are radiant marks of man ;

They cast a sudden glory round  
Th' illumin'd human face ;  
And light, in sons of honest joy,  
Some beams of Moses' face.

Is Resignation's lesson hard ?  
Examine, we shall find  
That duty gives up little more  
Than anguish of the mind.

Resign; and all the load of life  
That moment you remove,  
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares  
Devolve on One above;

Who bids us lay our burden down  
On his Almighty hands,  
Softens our *duty* to *relief*,  
To *blessing* a *command*.

For joy what cause! how ev'ry sense  
Is courted from above  
The year around, with presents rich,  
The growth of endless love!

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,  
Forget the wonders done,  
And terminate, wrapt up in sense,  
Their prospect at the sun;

From that, their final point of view,  
From that their radiant goal,  
On travel infinite of thought,  
Sets out the nobler soul,

Broke loose from Time's tenacious ties,

And Earth's involving gloom,

To range at large its vast domain,

And talk with worlds to come :

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,

Life's idle moments run ;

And doing nothing for themselves,

Imagine nothing done :

Fatal mistake! their fate goes on,

Their dread account proceeds,

And their not-doing is set down

Amongst their darkest deeds.

Though man sits still, and takes his ease,

GOD is at work on man ;

No means, no moments unemploy'd,

To bless him, if he can.

But man consents not, boldly bent

To fashion his own fate;

Man, a mere bungler in the trade,

Repents his crime too late;

Hence loud laments : let me thy cause,

Indulgent Father! plead;

Of all the wretches we deplore,

Not one by Thee was made.

What is thy whole creation fair?

Of love divine the child :

Love brought it forth ; and from its birth,

Has o'er it fondly smil'd.

Now, and thro' periods distant far,

Long ere the world began,

Heav'n is, and has in travel been,

Its birth the good of man ;

Man holds in constant service bound

The blust'ring winds and seas ;

Nor suns disdain to travel hard

Their master, man, to please :

To final good the worst events  
Thro' secret channels run;  
Finish for man their destin'd course,  
As 'twas for man begun.  
One point (observ'd, perhaps, by few)  
Has often smote, and smites  
My mind, as demonstration strong;  
That Heaven in man delights:  
What's known to man of things unseen,  
Of future worlds or fates?  
So much, nor more, than what to man's  
Sublime affairs relates:  
What's revelation then? a list,  
An inventory just,  
Of that poor insect's goods so late  
Call'd out of night and dust.  
What various motives to rejoice!  
To render joy sincere,  
Has this no weight? Our joy is felt  
Beyond this narrow sphere:  
Would we in heav'n new heav'n create,  
And double its delight?  
A smiling world, when heav'n looks down,  
How pleasing in its sight!  
Angels stoop forward from their thrones,  
To hear its joyful lays;  
As incense sweet enjoy, and join,  
Its aromatic praise.  
Have we no cause to fear the stroke  
Of Heav'n's avenging rod,  
When we presume to counteract  
A sympathetic God?  
If we resign, our patience makes  
His rod an harmless wand;  
I not, it darts a serpent's sting,  
Like that in Moses' hand;

Like that it swallows up whate'er  
Earth's vain magicians bring,  
Whose baffled arts would boast below  
Of joys a rival spring.

Consummate love! the list how large  
Of blessings from thy hand?  
To banish sorrow, and be blest'd,  
Is thy supreme command.

Are such commands but ill obey'd?  
Of bliss shall we complain?  
The man who dares to be a wretch,  
Deserves still greater pain:

Joy is our duty, glory, health;  
The sunshine of the soul;  
Our best encomium on the Pow'r  
Who sweetly plans the whole:

Joy is our Eden still possess'd:  
Begone, ignoble grief!

'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,  
Their nature our relief;  
Relief, for man to that must stoop,  
And his due distance know;  
Transport's the language of the skies,  
Content the style below.

Content is joy; and joy in pain,  
Is joy and virtue too;  
Thus, whilst good present we possess,  
More precious we pursue:

Of joy the more we have in hand,  
The more have we to come;  
Joy, like our money, int'rest bears,  
Which daily swells the sum.

" But how to smile; to stem the tide  
" Of nature in our veins;  
" Is it not hard to weep in joy?  
" What then to smile in pains?



Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,  
And struggles thro' a storm,  
Proclaims the mind as great as good,  
And bids it doubly charm.

If doubly charming in our sex,  
A sex by nature bold;  
What then in yours? 'Tis di'mond there,  
Triumphant o'er our gold.

And should not this complaint repress  
And check the rising sigh?

Yet farther opiate to your pain  
I labour to supply.

Since spirits greatly damp'd distort  
Ideas of delight,

Look thro' the medium of a friend,  
To set your notions right.

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul;  
Its object dark appears;

True friendship, like a rising sun,  
The soul's horizon clears.

A friend's an optic to the mind  
With sorrow clouded o'er;

And gives it strength of sight to see  
Redress unseen before.

Reason is somewhat rough in man;  
Extremely smooth and fair,

When she, to grace her manly strength,  
Assumes a female air.

\* A friend you have, and I the same,  
Whose prudent, soft address,

Will bring to life those healing thoughts,  
Which dy'd in your distress:

That friend the spirit of my theme  
Extracting for your ease,

Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts  
Too common; such as these;

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O

\* Mrs M———

Let those lament, to whom full bowls  
Of sparkling joys are giv'n ;  
That triple bane inebriates life,  
Imbitters death, and hazards heav'n :

Wo to the soul at perfect ease !

'Tis brewing perfect pains ;  
Lull'd reason sleeps, the pulse is king ;  
Despotic body reigns :

Have you ne'er pity'd joy's gay scenes,  
And deem'd their glory dark ?

Alas ! poor Envy ! she's stone-blind,  
And quite mistakes her mark :

Her mark lies hid in sorrow's shades,  
But sorrow well subdu'd ;  
And in proud Fortune's frown defy'd  
By meek, unborrow'd good,

By Resignation ; all in that  
A double friend may find,  
A wing to heav'n, and, while on earth,  
The pillow of mankind :

On pillows void of down, for rest  
Our restless hopes we place ;  
When hopes of heav'n lie warm at heart,  
Our hearts repose in peace :

That peace, which Resignation yields,  
Who feel alone can guess ;  
'Tis disbeliev'd by murm'ring minds,  
They must conclude it less :

The loss, or gain, of that alone  
Have we to hope, or fear ;  
That fate controuls, and can invert  
The seasons of the year :

O ! the dark days, the year around,  
Of an impatient mind ;  
Thro' clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,  
To shine on the resign'd :

While man, by that, of ev'ry grace  
 And virtue is possess'd ;  
 Foul vice her pandæmonium builds  
 In the rebellious breast.  
 By Resignation we defeat  
 The worst that can annoy ;  
 And suffer, with far more repose  
 Than worldlings can enjoy.  
 From small experience this I speak ;  
 O grant to those I love,  
 Experience fuller far, ye pow'rs  
 Who form our fates above !  
 My love where due, if not to those  
 Who, leaving grandeur, came  
 To shine on age in mean recess,  
 And light me to my theme?  
 A theme themselves! a theme how rare!  
 The charms, which they display,  
 To triumph over captive-heads,  
 Are set in bright array :  
 With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,  
 His boasted laurels die ;  
 Learning and genius, wiser grown,  
 To female bosoms fly.  
 'This revolution, fix'd by fate,  
 In fable was foretold ;  
 The dark prediction puzzled wits,  
 Nor could the learn'd unfold.  
 But as those ladies \* works I read,  
 They darted such a ray,  
 The latent sense burst out at once,  
 And shone in open day :  
 So burst full ripe distended fruits,  
 When strongly strikes the sun ;  
 And from the purple grape unpress'd,  
 Spontaneous nectars run.

O 2

\* Mrs M——, Mrs C——.

Pallas, ('tis said), when Jove grew dull,  
Forsook his drowfy brain;  
And sprightly leap'd into the throne  
Of wisdom's brighter reign;  
Her helmet took; that is, shot rays  
Of formidable wit;  
And lance,——or genius most acute,  
Which lines immortal writ;  
And Gorgon shield,——or, pow'r to fright  
Man's folly, dreadful shone;  
And many a blockhead (easy change!)  
Turn'd instantly to shone.  
Our authors male, as then did Jove,  
Now scratch a damag'd head,  
And call for what once quarter'd there,  
But find the goddess fled.  
The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!  
That once forbidden tree,  
Hedg'd in by surly man, is now  
To Britain's daughters free:  
In Eve (we know) of fruit so fair  
The noble thirst began;  
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,  
A fall of fame in man:  
And since of genius in our sex,  
O Addison! with thee  
The sun is set, how I rejoice  
This sister lamp to see!  
It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams  
On man's nocturnal state;  
His lessen'd light, and languid pow'rs,  
I show, whilst I relate.

P A R T II.

**B**UT what in either sex, beyond  
 All parts, our glory crowns?  
 " In ruffling seasons to be calm,  
 " And smile while fortune frowns."  
 Heav'n's choice is safer than our own ;  
 Of ages past inquire,  
 What the most formidable fate ?  
 " To have our own desire."  
 If, in your wrath, the worst of foes  
 You wish extremely ill ;  
 Expose him to the thunder's stroke,  
 Or that of his own will.  
 What numbers rushing down the steep  
 Of inclination strong,  
 Have perish'd in their ardent wish !  
 With ardent, ever wrong!  
 'Tis Resignation's full reverse,  
 Most wrong, as it implies  
 Error most fatal in our choice,  
 Detachment from the skies.  
 By closing with the skies, we make  
 Omnipotence our own ;  
 That done, how formidable ill's  
 Whole army is o'erthrown!  
 No longer impotent and frail,  
 Ourselves above we rise :  
 We scarce believe ourselves below !  
 We trespass on the skies !  
 The Lord and Soul and Source of all,  
 Whilst man enjoys his ease,  
 Is executing human will,  
 In earth, and air, and seas.



Beyond us, what can angels boast?

Archangels what require?

Whate'er below, above, is done,

Is done as—we desire.

What glory this for man so mean,

Whose life is but a span?

This is meridian majesty!

This, the sublime of man!

Beyond the boast of pagan song

My sacred subject shines;

And for a foil the lustre takes

Of Rome's exalted lines.

“All, that the sun surveys, subdu'd,

“But Cato's mighty mind”——

How grand! most true; yet far beneath

The soul of the resign'd.

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,

To passion that gives law;

Its matchless empire could have kept

Great Cato's pride in awe:

That fatal pride, whose cruel point

Transfix'd his noble breast;

Far nobler! if his fate sustain'd

Had left to Heaven the rest:

Then he the palm had borne away,

At distance Cæsar thrown;

Put him off cheaply with the world,

And made the skies his own.

What cannot Resignation do?

It wonders can perform:

That pow'rful charm, “Thy will be done,”

Can lay the loudest storm.

Come, Resignation! then, from fields,

Where, mounted on the wing,

A wing of flame, blest'd martyrs' souls

Ascended to their King.

Who is it calls thee? One whose need  
Transcends the common size;

Who stands in front against a foe  
To which none equal rise:

In front he stands, the brink he treads  
Of an eternal state;

How dreadful his appointed post!  
How strongly arm'd by fate

His threat'ning foe! what shadows deep  
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!

His dart tremendous!—at fourscore  
My sole asylum, thou.

Haste then, O Resignation! haste,  
'Tis thine to reconcile

My foe and me; at thy approach,  
My foe begins to smile.

O for that summit of my wish,  
Whilst here I draw my breath,

That promise of eternal life,  
A glorious smile in death!

What sight, heav'n's azure arch beneath,  
Hath most of heav'n to boast?

The man resign'd; at once serene,  
And giving up the ghost.

At Death's arrival they shall smile,  
Who, not in life o'er-gay,

Serious and frequent thought send out  
To meet him in his way.

My gay coevals! (such there are),  
If happiness is dear;

Approaching death's alarming day  
Discreetly let us fear.

The fear of death is truly wise,  
Till wisdom can rise higher;

And, arm'd with pious fortitude,  
Death, dreaded once, desire.

Grand climacteric vanities,  
The vainest will despise;  
Shock'd when, beneath the snow of age,  
Man immaturely dies.  
But am not I myself the man?  
No need abroad to roam  
In quest of faults to be chastis'd;  
What cause to blush at home!  
In life's decline, when men relapse  
Into the sports of youth,  
The second child out-fools the first,  
And tempts the last of truth.  
Shall a mere truant from the grave  
With rival boys engage?  
His trembling voice attempt to sing,  
And ape the poet's rage?  
Here, Madam! let me visit one,  
My fault who partly shares,  
And tell myself, by telling him,  
What more becomes our years;  
And if your breast with prudent zeal  
For Resignation glows,  
You will not disapprove a just  
Resentment at its foes.  
In youth, V—taire! our foibles plead  
For some indulgence due;  
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims  
Should change their colour too.  
How are you cheated by your wit!  
Old age is bound to pay,  
By Nature's law, a mind discreet,  
For joys it takes away.  
A mighty change is wrought by years,  
Reversing human lot;  
In age 'tis honour to ly hid,  
'Tis praise to be forgot:

The wife, as flow'rs, which spread at noon,  
And all their charms expose,  
When ev'ning damps and shades descend,  
Their evolutions close.

What tho' your muse has nobly soar'd,  
Is that our true sublime?  
Ours, hoary friend! is to prefer  
Eternity to time :

Why close a life, so justly fam'd,  
With such bold trash as this \*?  
This for renown? yes, such as makes  
Obscurity a bliss.

Your trash, with mine at open war,  
Is obstinately bent †,  
Like wits below, to sow your tares  
Of gloom and discontent.

With so much sunshine at command,  
Why light with darkness mix?  
Why dash with pain our pleasure? why  
Your Helicon with Styx?

Your works in our divided minds  
Repugnant passions raise,  
Confound us with a double stroke,  
We shudder, whilst we praise :

A curious web, as finely wrought  
As genius can inspire,  
From a black bag of poison spun,  
With horror we admire.

Mean as it is, if this is read  
With a disdainful air,  
I can't forgive so great a foe  
To my dear friend V——taire.

Early I knew him, early prais'd,  
And long to praise him late ;  
His genius greatly I admire,  
Nor would deplore his fate :

\* Candide.

† Second Part.

A fate how much to be deplor'd,  
 At which our Nature starts!  
 Forbear to fall on your own sword,  
 To perish by your parts.

“ But great your name”—To feed on air  
 Were then immortals born?  
 Nothing is great, of which more great,  
 More glorious is the scorn.

Can fame your carcase from the worm  
 Which gnaws us in the grave,  
 Or soul from that which never dies,  
 Applauding Europe, save?

But fame you lose; good sense alone  
 Your idol, praise can claim;  
 When wild wit murders happiness,  
 It puts to death our fame.

Nor boast your genius; talents bright  
 Ev'n dunces will despise,  
 If in your western beams is miss'd  
 A genius for the skies.

Your taste too fails: what most excels,  
 True taste must relish most;  
 And what, to rival palms above,  
 Can proudest laurels boast?

Sound heads salvation's helmet \* seek;  
 Resplendent are its rays:  
 Let that suffice; it needs no plume  
 Of sublunary praise.

May this enable couch'd V—taire  
 To see that—All is right †,  
 His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,  
 Restoring to its sight.

If so, all's well: who much have err'd,  
 That much have been forgiv'n;  
 I speak with joy, with joy he'll hear,  
 “ V—taires are, now, in heav'n.”

\* Eph. vi. 17.

† Which his romance ridicules.



Nay, such philanthropy divine,  
So boundless in degree,  
Its marvellous of love extends  
(Stoop most profound!) to me.  
Let others cruel stars arraign,  
Or dwell on their distress;  
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,  
A grateful heart express.  
Walking, the present God was seen,  
Of old, in Eden fair:  
The God as present, by plain steps  
Of providential care,  
I behold passing through my life;  
His awful voice I hear;  
And, conscious of my nakedness,  
Would hide myself for fear:  
But where the trees, or where the clouds  
Can cover from his sight?  
Naked the centre to that eye,  
To which the sun is night.  
As yonder glitt'ring lamps on high  
Through night illumin'd roll;  
May thoughts of Him by whom they shine,  
Chace darkness from my soul;  
My soul, which reads his hand as clear  
In my minute affairs,  
As in his ample manuscript  
Of sun, and moon, and stars;  
And knows him not more bent aright  
To wield that vast machine,  
Than to correct one erring thought  
In my small world within;  
A world that shall survive the fall  
Of all his wonders here;  
Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,  
And leave a darken'd sphere.

Yon matter gross, how bright it shines!

For time how great his care !

Sure spirit and eternity

Far richer glories share.

Let those our hearts impress, on those

Our contemplation dwell ;

On those my thoughts how justly thrown,

By what I now shall tell ?

When backward with attentive mind

Life's labyrinth I trace,

I find him far myself beyond

Propitious to my peace :

Through all the crooked paths I trod,

My folly he pursu'd ;

My heart astray, to quick return

Importunately woo'd :

Due Resignation home to press

On my capricious will,

How many rescues did I meet,

Beneath the mask of ill !

How many foes in ambush laid

Beneath my soul's desire !

The deepest penitents are made

By what we most admire.

Have I not sometimes, (real good

So little mortals know !)

Mounting the summit of my wish,

Profoundly plung'd in wo ?

I rarely plann'd ; but cause I found

My plan's defeat to bless :

Oft I lamented an event ;

It turn'd to my success :

By sharpen'd appetite to give

To good intense delight,

Through dark and deep perplexities

He led me to the right.

And is not this the gloomy path,  
Which you are treading now?  
The path most gloomy leads to light,  
When our proud passions bow:  
When lab'ring under fancy'd ill,  
My spirits to sustain,  
He kindly cur'd with sov'reign draughts  
Of unimagi'd pain.  
Pain'd Sense from Fancy's tyranny  
Alone can set us free:  
A thousand miseries we feel,  
'Till sunk in misery.  
Cloy'd with a glut of all we wish,  
Our wish we relish less:  
Success, a sort of suicide,  
Is ruin'd by success.  
Sometimes he led me near to death,  
And, pointing to the grave,  
Bid Terror whisper kind advice,  
And taught the tomb to save.  
To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds  
As spangles o'er us shine,  
One day he gave, and bid the next  
My soul's delight resign.  
We to ourselves, but through the means  
Of mirrors, are unknown;  
In this my fate can you descry  
No features of your own?  
And if you can, let that excuse  
These self-recording lines;  
A record modesty forbids,  
Or to small bound confines.  
In grief why deep ingulph'd? You see  
You suffer nothing rare;  
Uncommon grief for common fate?  
That wisdom cannot bear.

When streams flow backward to their source,  
And humbled flames descend,  
And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,  
Then human sorrows end :

But human prudence too must cease,  
When sorrows domineer,  
When fortitude has lost its fire,  
And freezes into fear :

The pang most poignant of my life  
Now heightens my delight ;  
I see a fair creation rise  
From Chaos and old Night :

From what seem'd horror and despair,  
The richest harvest rose ;  
And gave me in the nod divine  
An absolute repose.

Of all the blunders of mankind,  
More gross, or frequent, none,  
Than in their grief and joy misplac'd  
Eternally are shown.

But whither points all this parade ?  
It says, that near you lies  
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,  
Which you should greatly prize :

Of self-perusal, science rare !  
Few know the mighty gain ;  
Learn'd prelates, self-unread, may read  
Their Bibles o'er in vain.

Self-knowledge, which from heav'n itself  
(So fages tell us) came,  
What is it, but a daughter fair  
Of my maternal theme ?

Unletter'd and untravel'd men  
An oracle might find,  
Would they consult their own contents,  
The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your bosom; there you'll find  
A revelation new,  
A revelation personal,  
Which none can read but you:  
There will you clearly read reveal'd  
In your enlighten'd thought,  
By mercies manifold, through life,  
To fresh remembrance brought,  
A mighty Being! and in him  
A complicated friend,  
A father, brother, spouse; no dread  
Of death, divorce, or end.  
Who such a matchless friend embrace,  
And lodge him in their heart,  
Full well, from agonies exempt,  
With other friends may part:  
As when o'erloaded branches bear  
Large clusters big with wine,  
We scarce regret one falling leaf  
From the luxuriant vine.  
My short advice to you may sound  
Obscure, or somewhat odd,  
Tho' 'tis the best that man can give,  
"Ev'n be content with God."  
Thro' love, he gave you the deceas'd;  
Thro' greater, took him hence:  
This reason fully could evince,  
Tho' murmur'd at by sense.  
This Friend, far past the kindest kind,  
Is past the greatest great;  
His greatness let me touch in points  
Not foreign to your state:  
His eye, this instant, reads your heart  
A truth less obvious hear,  
This instant its most secret thoughts  
Are sounding in his ear:



Dispute you this? O stand in awe,  
And cease your sorrow; know,  
That tear now trickling down, he saw  
Ten thousand years ago;  
And twice ten thousand hence, if you  
Your temper reconcile  
To reason's bound, will he behold  
Your prudence with a smile;  
A smile which thro' eternity  
Diffuses so bright rays,  
The dimmest deifies ev'n guilt,  
If guilt at last obeys:  
Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,  
When such a Sov'reign reigns)  
Your guilt diminish; peace pursue;  
How glorious peace in pains!  
Here, then, your sorrows cease; if not,  
Think how unhappy they,  
Who guilt increase by streaming tears,  
Which should guilt wash away.  
Of tears that gush profuse restrain;  
Whence burst the dismal sighs?  
They from the throbbing breast of one  
(Strange truth!) most happy rise:  
Not angels (hear it, and exult!)  
Enjoy a larger share  
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,  
Of God's impartial care:  
Anxious for each, as if on each  
His care for all was thrown;  
For all his care as absolute,  
As all had been but one.  
And is he then so near? so kind?—  
How little then, and great,  
That riddle, Man? O let me gaze  
At wonders in his fate!

His fate, who yesterday did crawl  
A worm from darkness deep,  
And shall, with brother-worms, beneath  
A turf, to-morrow sleep.  
How mean!—and yet, if well obey'd  
His Mighty master's call,  
The whole creation for mean man  
Is deem'd a boon too small:  
Too small the whole creation deem'd  
For emmets in the dust!  
Account amazing! yet most true;  
My song is bold, yet just.  
Man born for infinite, in whom  
No period can destroy  
The pow'r in exquisite extremes  
To suffer, or enjoy;  
Give him earth's empire (if no more)  
He's beggar'd, and undone!  
Imprison'd in unbounded space!  
Benighted by the sun!  
For what's the sun's meridian blaze  
To the most feeble ray  
Which glimmers from the distant dawn  
Of uncreated day?  
'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd  
Swells here, the vain to please;  
The mind most sober kindles most  
At truths sublime as these.  
They warm ev'n me.—I dare not say,  
Divine ambition strove  
Not to bless only, but confound,  
Nay fright us with its love;  
And yet so frightful what, or kind,  
As that the rending rock,  
The darken'd sun and rising dead,  
So formidably spoke?

And are we darker than that sun?  
Than rocks more hard, and blind?  
We are;—if not to such a God  
In agonies resign'd.

Yea, even in agonies forbear  
To doubt almighty love;  
Whate'er endears eternity,  
Is mercy from above.

What most embitters time, that most  
Eternity endears;

And thus by plunging in distress,  
Exalts us to the spheres;

Joy's fountain head! where bliss o'er bliss,  
O'er wonders wonders rise,

And an Omnipotence prepares  
Its banquet for the wise;

Ambrosial banquet! rich in wines  
Nectareous to the soul!

What transports sparkle from the stream,  
As angels fill the bowl!

Fountain profuse of ev'ry bliss!  
Good-will immense prevails:

Man's line can't fathom its profound;  
An angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know  
Who judge, nor dream of more;

They ask a drop, how deep the sea?  
One sand, how wide the shore?

Of thy exuberant good-will,  
Offended Deity!

The thousandth part who comprehends,  
A deity is he.

How yonder ample azure field  
With radiant worlds is sown!

How tubes astonish us with those  
More deep in ether thrown!

And those beyond of brighter worlds

Why not a million more?

In lieu of answer, let us all

Fall prostrate and adore.

Since Thou art infinite in pow'r,

Nor thy indulgence less;

Since man, quite impotent, and blind,

Oft drops into distress;

Say, what is Resignation? 'Tis

Man's weakness understood;

And wisdom grasping, with an hand

Far stronger, every good.

Let rash repiners stand appal'd,

In thee who dare not trust;

Whose abject souls, like demons dark,

Are murmur'ing in the dust:

For man to murmur or repine

At what by Thee is done,

No less absurd than to complain

Of darkness in the sun.

Who would not, with an heart at ease,

Bright eye, unclouded brow,

Wisdom and goodness at the helm,

The roughest ocean plough?

What tho' I'm swallow'd in the deep?

Tho' mountains o'er me roar?

JEHOVAH reigns! as Jonah safe

I'm landed, and adore.

Thy will is welcome, let it wear

Its most tremendous form:

Roar, waves! rage, winds! I know, that thou

Canst save me by a storm.

From thee immortal spirits born,

To thee their Fountain flow,

If wise; as curl'd around to theirs

Meandering streams below.

Not less compell'd by Reason's call,  
To thee our souls aspire,  
Than to thy skies, by Nature's law,  
High mounts material fire:  
To thee aspiring they exult;  
I feel my spirits rise,  
I feel myself thy son, and pant  
For patrimonial skies.  
Since ardent thirst of future good,  
And gen'rous sense of past,  
To thee man's prudence strongly ties,  
And binds affection fast;  
Since great thy love, and great our want,  
And men the wisest blind,  
And bliss our aim; pronounce us all  
Distracted, or resign'd:  
Resign'd thro' duty, int'rest, shame;  
Deep shame! dare I complain,  
When (wond'rous truth!) in heav'n itself  
Joy ow'd its birth to pain?  
And pain for me! for me was drain'd  
Gall's overflowing bowl;  
And shall one drop, to murmur bold  
Provoke my guilty soul?  
If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime  
Can indignation raise?  
The sun was lighted up to shine,  
And man was born to praise:  
And when to praise thee man shall cease,  
Or sun to strike the view;  
A cloud dishonours both, but man's  
The blacker of the two:  
For oh! ingratitude how black!  
With most profound amaze  
At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,  
Astonish'd angels gaze.



Part II. RESIGNATION. 177.

Praise cheers, and warms, like gen'rous wine;  
 Praise, more divine than pray'r:  
 Pray'r points our ready path to heav'n;  
 Praise is already there.

Let plauſive Reſignation riſe,  
 And baniſh all complaint;  
 All virtues thronging into one,  
 It finiſhes the ſaint;  
 Makes the man bleſſ'd, as man can be;  
 Life's labours renders light;  
 Darts beams thro' Fate's incumbent gloom,  
 And lights our ſun by night.

'Tis Nature's brighteſt ornament,  
 The richeſt gift of grace,  
 Rival of angels, and ſupreme  
 Proprietor of peace:

Nay, peace beyond, no ſmall degree  
 Of rapture 'twill impart;  
 Know, Madam! "when your heart's in heav'n,  
 "All heav'n is in your heart."

But who to heav'n their hearts can raiſe?  
 Deny'd divine ſupport,  
 All virtue dies; ſupport divine  
 The wiſe with ardor court:

When pray'r partakes the ſeraph's fire,  
 'Tis mounted on his wing,  
 Burſts thro' heav'n's cryſtal gates, and gains  
 Sure audience of its King.

The lab'ring ſoul from ſore diſtreſs  
 That bleſſ'd expedient frees:  
 I ſee you far advanc'd in peace;  
 I ſee you on your knees:

How on that poſture has the beam  
 Divine for ever ſhone?  
 An humble heart, God's \* other ſeat!  
 The rival of his throne.

\* Iſaiah lvii. 15.

And stoops Omnipotence so low ?

And condescends to dwell

Eternity's inhabitant,

Well-pleas'd, in such a cell ?

Such honour how shall we repay ?

How treat our Guest Divine ?—

The sacrifice supreme be slain !

Let self-will die : Resign.

Thus far, at large, on our disease ;

Now, let the cause be shown,

Whence rises, and will ever rise,

The dismal human groan.

What our sole fountain of distress ?

Strong passion for this scene ;

That trifles makes important, things

Of mighty moment mean.

When earth's dark maxims poison shed

On our polluted souls,

Our hearts and int'rests fly as far

Afunder as the poles ;

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd,

Unkown their royal race,

With abject aims and fordid joys

Our grandeur we disgrace.

O for an Archimedes new,

Of moral pow'rs possess'd

The world to move, and quite expel

That traitor from the breast !

No small advantage may be reap'd

From thought whence we descend ;

From weighing well, and prizing, weigh'd,

Our origin and end :

From far above the glorious sun

To this dim scene we came ;

And may, if wise, for ever bask

In great JEHOVAH's beam :

Let that bright beam on reason rouz'd  
In awful lustre rise,  
Earth's giant ills are dwarf'd at once,  
And all disquiet dies:  
Earth's glories too their splendor lose,  
Those phantoms charm no more;  
Empire's a feather for a fool,  
And Indian mines are poor:  
Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,  
The monarch and his slave;  
Nor wait enlighten'd minds to learn  
That lesson from the grave;  
A George the Third would then be low  
As Lewis in renown,  
Could he not boast of glory more  
Than sparkles from a crown.  
When human glory rises high  
As human glory can;  
When, though the king is truly great,  
Still greater is the man:  
The man is dead, where virtue fails;  
And though the monarch proud  
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe  
Is but a gaudy shroud.  
Wisdom! where art thou? None on earth,  
Though grasping wealth, fame, pow'r,  
But what, O Death! through thy approach,  
Is wiser every hour.  
Approach how swift! how unconfin'd!  
Worms feast on viands rare;  
Those little epicures have kings  
To grace their bill of fare.  
From kings what resignation due  
To that Almighty Will,  
Which thrones bestows; and, when they fail,  
Can throne them higher still!

Who truly great? the good, and brave,  
The masters of a mind  
The will divine to do resolv'd;  
To suffer it, resign'd.

Madam! if that may give it weight,  
The trifle you receive  
Is dated from a solemn scene,  
The border of the grave;  
Where strongly strikes the trembling soul  
Eternity's dread pow'r.  
As bursting on it through the thin  
Partition of an hour.

Hear this, V—taire! but this from me  
Runs hazard of your frown :  
However, spare it; ere you die,  
Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourself, forbear  
My notions to chastise,  
Left unawares the gay V—taire  
Should blame V—taire the wife :  
Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,  
Now makes us disagree;  
When a far louder trumpet sounds,  
V—taire will close with mel

How shocking is that modesty,  
Which keepsf ome honest men  
From urging what their hearts suggest,  
When brav'd by folly's pen,

Assaulting truths, of which in all  
Is sown the sacred seed!  
Our constitution's orthodox,  
And closes with our creed.

What then are they, whose proud conceits  
Superior wisdom boast?  
Wretches, who fight their own belief,  
And labour to be lost.

Tho' Vice by no superior joys  
 Her heroes keeps in pay ;  
 Thro' pure disinterested love  
 Of ruin, they obey ;  
 Strict their devotion to the wrong,  
 Tho' tempted by no prize ;  
 Hard their commandments, and their creed  
 A magazine of lies,  
 From Fancy's forge : gay Fancy smiles  
 At Reason plain and cool ;  
 Fancy, whose curious trade it is  
 To make the finest fool.  
 V—taire! long life's the greatest curse  
 That mortals can receive,  
 When they imagine the chief end  
 Of living is to live ;  
 Quite thoughtless of their day of death,  
 That birth-day of their sorrow ;  
 Knowing it may be distant far,  
 Nor crush them till—to-morrow.  
 These are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd  
 Beneath an humble cot ;  
 Not mine your genius, or your state,  
 No castle \* is my lot :  
 But soon, quite level shall we ly ;  
 And what pride most bemoans,  
 Our parts, in rank so distant now,  
 As level as our bones.  
 Hear you that sound ? alarming sound !  
 Prepare to meet your fate !  
 One, who writes *finis* to our works,  
 Is knocking at the gate :  
 Far other works will soon be weigh'd ;  
 Far other judges sit ;  
 Far other crowns be lost, or won,  
 Than fire ambitious wit :

VOL. IV.

\* Letter to Lord Lyttleton.



Their wit far brightest will be prov'd,  
Who sunk it in good sense,  
And veneration most profound  
Of dread Omnipotence.  
'Tis that alone unlocks the gate  
Of blest eternity ;  
O may'st thou never, never lose  
That more than golden key \*!  
Whate'er may seem too rough, excuse;  
Your good I have at heart :  
Since from my soul I wish you well,  
As yet we must not part :  
Shall you and I, in love with life,  
Life's future schemes contrive,  
The world in wonder not unjust,  
That we are still alive ?  
What have we left ? how mean in man  
A shadow's shade to crave ?  
When life, so vain ! is vainer still,  
'Tis time to take our leave :  
Happier, than happiest life, his death,  
Who, falling in the field  
Of conflict with his rebel will,  
Writes VICI on his shield ;  
So falling man, immortal heir  
Of an eternal prize,  
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,  
Descends into the skies.  
O how disorder'd our machine,  
When contradictions mix !  
When nature strikes no less than twelve,  
And folly points at six !  
To mend the movements of your heart,  
How great is my delight !  
Gently to wind your morals up,  
And set your hand aright !

\* Alluding to Prussia.

That hand, which spread your wisdom wide  
 To poison distant lands:  
 Repent, recant; the tainted age  
 Your antidote demands.  
 To Satan dreadfully resign'd  
 Whole herds rush down the steep  
 Of folly, by lewd wits possess'd,  
 And perish in the deep.  
 Mens praise your vanity pursues:  
 'Tis well, pursue it still;  
 But let it be of men deceas'd,  
 And you'll resign the will:  
 And how superior they to those  
 At whose applause you aim,  
 How very far superior they  
 In number, and in name!

P O S T S C R I P T.

THUS have I written, when to write  
 No mortal should presume;  
 Or only write, what none can blame,  
*Hic jacet*—for his tomb.  
 The public frowns, and censures loud  
 My puerile employ:  
 Though just the censure, if you smile,  
 The scandal I enjoy;  
 But sing no more—no more I sing,  
 Or reassume the lyre,  
 Unless vouchsaf'd an humble part  
 Where Raphael leads the choir.  
 What myriads swell the concert loud!  
 Their golden harps resound  
 High as the footstool of the Throne,  
 And deep as hell profound:

Hell (horrid contrast!) chord and song  
 Of raptur'd angels drowns  
 In self-will's peal of blasphemies,  
 And hideous burst of groans;  
 But drowns them not to me; I hear  
 Harmonious thunders roll  
 (In language low of men to speak)  
 From echoing pole to pole!

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies—  
 " Above, beneath the sun,  
 " Thro' boundless age, by men, by gods,  
 " J E H O V A H ' s will be done."

'Tis done in heav'n; whence headlong hurl'd  
 Self-will, with Satan, fell;  
 And must from earth be banish'd too,  
 Or earth's another hell.

Madam! self-will inflicts your pains;  
 Self-will's the deadly foe  
 Which deepens all the dismal shades,  
 And points the shafts of wo.

Your debt to nature fully paid,  
 Now virtue claims her due;  
 But virtue's cause I need not plead,  
 'Tis safe; I write to you:

You know, that virtue's basis lyes  
 In ever judging right;  
 And wiping error's clouds away,  
 Which dim the mental sight.

Why mourn the dead? You wrong the grave,  
 From storm that safe resort;  
 We are still tossing out at sea,  
 Our admiral in port.

Was death deny'd, this world a scene  
 How dismal and forlorn!  
 To death we owe, that 'tis to man  
 A blessing to be born.

When every other blessing fails,  
 Or sapp'd by slow decay,  
 Or storm'd by sudden blasts of fate,  
 Is swiftly hurl'd away ;  
 How happy! that no storm, or time,  
 Of death can rob the just!  
 None pluck from their unaching heads  
 Soft pillows in the dust!  
 Well-pleas'd to bear heav'n's darkest frown,  
 Your utmost pow'r employ ;  
 'Tis noble chymistry to turn  
 Necessity to joy.  
 Whate'er the colour of my fate,  
 My fate shall be my choice.  
 Determin'd am I, whilst I breathe,  
 To praise and to rejoice ;  
 What ample cause! Triumphant hope!  
 O rich Eternity!  
 I start not at a world in flames,  
 Charm'd with one glimpse of thee.  
 And thou! its great inhabitant!  
 How glorious dost thou shine!  
 And dart thro' sorrow, danger, death,  
 A beam of joy divine :  
 The void of joy (with some concern  
 The truth severe I tell)  
 Is an impenitent in guilt,  
 A fool or infidel.  
 Weigh this, ye pupils of V—taire !  
 From joyless murmur free ;  
 Or, let us know, which character  
 Shall crown you of the three.  
 Resign, resign : this lesson none  
 Too deeply can instill ;  
 A crown has been resign'd by more,  
 Than have resign'd the will ;

Tho' will resign'd the meanest make  
 Superior in renown,  
 And richer in celestial eyes,  
 Than he who wears a crown :

Hence in the bosom of cold age  
 Is kindled a strange aim  
 To shine in song; and bid me boast  
 The grandeur of my theme :

But oh! how far presumption falls  
 Its lofty theme below!  
 Our thoughts in life's December freeze,  
 And numbers cease to flow.

First! Greatest! Best! grant what I wrote  
 For others, ne'er may rise  
 To brand the writer; Thou alone  
 Canst make our wisdom wise;

And how unwise, how deep in guilt,  
 How infamous the fault,  
 " A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,  
 " In deed beneath the taught!"

Means most infallible to make  
 The world an infidel,  
 And with instructions most divine  
 To pave a path to hell.

O for a clean and ardent heart!  
 O for a soul on fire!

Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound  
 Where angels string the lyre!

How cold is man! to him how hard  
 (Hard what most easy seems)  
 " To set a just esteem on that,  
 " Which yet he——most esteems."

What shall we say, when boundless bliss  
 Is offer'd to mankind,  
 And to that offer when a race  
 Of rationals is blind?



POSTSCRIPT.

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Of human nature, ne'er too high

Are our ideas wrought ;

Of human merit, ne'er too low

Depress'd the daring thought.

END of the FOURTH VOLUME.

